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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1923

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The Logos Doctrine

LET us begin by trying to translate as literally as possible the opening passage of Saint John's Gospel, retaining the more important Greek words:

"In Arkhê, in Primal Being, was the Logos, and the Logos was together with the Theos, and Theos was the Logos. That was in Primal Being, together with the Theos.

"Through This, the All came to birth, and without This came to birth not one thing which has come to birth.

"In This, Life was, and the Life was the Light of men; and the Light shineth in the Darkness, and the Darkness comprehended It not.

"This was the Light, the true, which lighteth every man coming into the World. In the World, This was, and the World through This came to birth, and the World knew not This. . . .

"And the Logos became flesh, and tabernacled among (or, in) us, and we beheld His Radiance, the Radiance as of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of Grace and Truth. . . ."

This is the central expression of the Logos doctrine, with millenniums of development behind it, and centuries of application after it. Let us see whether we can lead up to an understanding of it, beginning with the simplest things in the consciousness of each one of us.

Before me is a sheet of white paper. I see it, I am conscious of it. If I reflect, I am conscious of seeing it. If I reflect still further, I am conscious of myself as perceiver. These two added perceptions, of the seeing and the seer, are the consequence of the rebound from the first perception, the thing seen, the sheet of white paper.

The three, the thing perceived, the perceiving, and the perceiver, are of

necessity linked together. Yet it is a curious fact, though none the less true, that the strict materialist rests in the thing perceived, pays little attention to the perceiving, and practically ignores the perceiver; never seeking to discover the true character and nature of the perceiving consciousness, never looking steadily at it.

We are first conscious of the thing perceived. Consciousness of perceiving and of the perceiver comes later, as the result of a rebound from the thing perceived. This is, perhaps, the justification of the objective world, the whole process of manifestation. It is the starting point, the source and cause of all our present conscious perception. The world is a means for waking up our consciousness.

We have taken seeing as the type of perception. But there is hearing also. For example, as I write, I hear the clock ticking; I hear the wind outside, among the branches. And the I who hears is the same as the I who sees. So with the other modes of perceiving.

There are, if we so number them, five phases of things perceived; five modes of perceiving; five attitudes of the perceiver, who is, nevertheless, consciously one. All modes of perceiving come to a focus in the same consciousness and are there harmonized and unified. The perceiving I is one.

Meanwhile the sheet of paper has been covered with writing, the type of a different kind of activity, this time not perceptive but active. Once more we have a group of three: what is written, the act of writing, and the impelling consciousness, the writer.

As before, we may let this represent all forms of action, such as speech and voluntary muscular activity. There are always the three: the thing done, the doing, the doer. And the purposing and impelling doer is the same in all actions. The I who speaks is the same as the I who writes; the same also as the I who perceives.

We come now to our first application of these very simple and familiar facts. If we consider the matter, we shall find that the world of each one of us, beginning with our intimate thoughts, including our sense of bodily existence, and going out to the room in which we may be, the landscape in the midst of which we find ourselves, even to the rim of the sky, to the sun and the stars and the Galaxy, is made up of the sum of the perceiving and of the impulses to action which hold the field of our consciousness. In this sense, the world of each one of us grows out of our consciousness.

From the perceiving powers we gain the sense of the colouring of our world, the rooms in which we live, the splendid pageantry of dawn and noonday and sunset and the stars, of green fields and trees and the white hills of winter, of the multitudinous turmoil of the streets.

Through the acting powers we gain the sense of space, of form, of consistence. Pressing a hand upon the table, we get the sense of solidity. Walking across the room, we measure it by our effort, so many steps to be taken, and gain a realization of space. Both space and solidity come to us as modes of our consciousness.

This is true also, as we have suggested, of our sense of bodily existence. It is built up from phases of our consciousness.

It may be interesting to quote, for comparison, a recent expression of the same thought. It forms the conclusion of a review, in *The Spectator*, of the address of the President of the British Association:

"Might we not say, regarding the hierarchy of pure mind, subconscious mind, reflex action of nerves, nervous tissue and body tissue, that the body is in some sort an emanation of the mind? We have, perhaps, in the past laid too much stress upon the importance of the quality of tangibility."

True, for the quality of tangibility itself is simply the expression of one of our modes of perceiving, the sense of touch. It is, therefore, an outcome of our consciousness, an "emanation of mind."

We see, then, that in the strictest sense the world of each one of us is built up of the sum of our perceiving and acting. Our world has come to birth through the activity of our consciousness, and there is in it not one thing which has not come to birth through the activity of our consciousness; through that conscious mind which unifies our perceiving and impels our acting.

Have we not here a clue to an understanding of at least a part of the Logos doctrine? If the world of each one of us comes to birth through the activity of our consciousness, may not the whole manifest universe have come to birth through the activity of that greater consciousness, the Logos? If the body be in some sort an emanation of the mind, may not the body of the universe be equally an emanation of the Logos, the Mind of God? And in this thought of the body as an emanation of the mind, have we not a clue to the way in which the Logos becomes flesh?

We have thus been able, perhaps, to gain some little understanding of the Logos as the principle of manifestation, through considering our own conscious minds as manifesting the world in which each one of us dwells.

There are two other sides of the Logos doctrine which we shall now try to approach: first, the moral depth of the Logos, of which we have so far taken only a pictorial view; and, second, the threefold division of the Logos, with Primal Being beyond.

Perhaps we may come to the element of moral depth by way of certain thoughts from one of the ancient Indian presentations of the Logos doctrine, the Sankhya philosophy of the sage Kapila.

In both our perceiving and our acting, we have found a set of three. These correspond to one aspect of the Three Gunas, as set forth in the Sankhya Sutras.

The self which receives perceptions and impels actions, the conscious mind, corresponds to the first of the Three Gunas, Sattva, which means both Goodness and Substance; for in Sanskrit, both Sattva, goodness, and Satya, truth, are derived from Sat, being, reality. Goodness and truth both draw their essence from reality. The conscious and impelling mind, therefore, corresponds to Sattva. The activity of perceiving and the impulse of acting, the middle terms of our sets of three, correspond to Rajas, Passion, or impelling

Force, the word meaning originally the middle zone of the air between earth and the clear sky, the region of cloud and storm. The thing perceived, from which the perceiving consciousness rebounds, or the thing acted on, like the top of the table when we press it, corresponds to Tamas, which means Darkness, and has the quality of resistance, of inertia.

It is worth noting, at this point, that the middle term in either set of three has the character of conscious Force, of Desire in the widest sense. It is quite easy to see this in the case of the impulse to act; this has of necessity the quality of force, the desire that something shall be accomplished. But it would seem to be equally true of perceiving; that in a large and deep sense we see what we desire to see.

For example, if, while reading the printed words of this page, the reader's mind has been following a more interesting train of thought, he will find, at the end of the page, that there has been no true reading. The eyes may have seen the words, but the conscious mind has not apprehended them. It has been fixed instead on the mind-images of its own train of thought. The conscious mind has seen only what it has desired to see.

Numberless illustrations of this may be found. A geologist who travels through mountainous country by railroad will note the rocks unrolled before him, granite, limestone, red sandstone, with the direction of the strata, and the relation of the rocks to each other, and to the features of the country. A fellow traveller, looking through the same window, will see only the landscape, perhaps not even that. A botanist who is something of an artist will rejoice in the colours and forms and manifold beauty of the flowers. A hillside covered with wild roses, a spired lily in the woods, a field of scarlet poppies, an overhanging rock veiled in bluebells, become permanent riches. In these days of crowded city life, it is likely that millions never look up at the stars. But those who study the stars watch their succession with delight and awe, adding them to their thought of the wider world in which they dwell.

So we see what we desire to see, just as we do what we desire to do. Not only does each of us make his world; he makes it exactly according to his desire.

Perhaps it is in this sense that one of the great Upanishads says:

"Man verily is formed of desire; as his desire is, so is his will; as his will is, so he works; and whatever work he does, in the likeness of it he grows."

So the middle term of our two sets of three, whether it be the activity of perceiving or of acting, corresponds in this real sense with Rajas, Passion, the principle of Desire and impelling Force. We have built up our world. The quality of that world is derived from the quality of our desire.

To the conscious mind, the unifying power which perceives and impels, the Sankhya Sutras give two names: Manas, and Antahkarana, the second name meaning literally the Inner Working. But the conscious mind itself, according to this philosophy, is derived from a power or being above it, to which is given the name of Buddhi, the root meaning of which is Awakeness, just as Buddha means the Awakened, somewhat in Shelley's sense: "He hath awakened from

the dream of life." Of this power, it is said that "Buddhi is pure Sattwa, that is, pure Substance, or pure Goodness; it is the source of Righteousness, Wisdom, Purity, Divine Power."

Once again, let us try to discover the meaning of this by considering quite simple things. In the conscious mind, besides the power of perception, we find the power of recognition. Memory is its simplest form. We recognize what we have seen before. We bring the present image and the earlier image together in our minds, and we see that they are the same.

But this power of recognition pronounces not only on appearances, but also on qualities. It recognizes Truth, the relation between what is perceived and our inherent standard of Reality. It also recognizes Beauty, that divine essence which calls forth a certain pure joy, whether it be joy in the beauty of a violet, or in the clear force of some expression of truth, or in the beauty of holiness. It recognizes Holiness, that compelling power which awakens reverence, inspiring us to subject the lower to the higher, the worse to the better, to bring the wills of self into obedience to the Divine Will, the Will of the Master. This power to recognize Truth and Beauty and Holiness touches the conscious mind from above. The conscious mind lays its questions before it, as before an incorruptible judge.

But this divine power is the source of something more, in addition to a judgment that what we are considering is true, or beautiful, or good. It is also a potent creative energy. Phidias and Leonardo da Vinci perceived beauty; but they did more, they created permanent forms of beauty. Buddha and Christ not only discerned the laws of truth and holiness, they embodied these divine inspirations in their lives and inspired them in the lives of their disciples.

The mind is so placed within the rays of these divine and creative energies, that it may and should draw them into its perceiving and acting, building up its world of true perception, and holy aspiration, and realization wrought with beauty, a world that shall make manifest the spiritual realities which are above it. And it appears that, when some real effort to do this has been made, there arises a sense of kinship with these divine powers, as something in no sense alien but in a deep and half-understood way really belonging to us and at one with us, the promise of a more profound, more real self, drawing nearer to which we have the sense of coming home. And that home-coming brings with it the realization of immortality. This deeper and more real self, compounded of Truth and Beauty and Holiness, perceiving these divine essences and creatively manifesting them, bears the imprint of the immortal. So Buddhi, as the Sankhya Sutras say, is the source of Righteousness, Wisdom, Purity, Divine Power.

But why is our common experience so different from this? The Sankhya Sutras suggest the reason: "But when Buddhi is reversed, through being tinged with Rajas and Tamas, it becomes vile, with the character of Unrighteousness, Unwisdom, Impurity, lack of Divine Power." The word translated "tinged" means "stained red"; so we have the thought, well known to stu-

dents of Theosophy, of Buddhi inverted and manifested as Kama, the principle of passional Desire.

In what way is Buddhi tinged with Rajas and Tamas? Perhaps we can make this intelligible by going back to our groups of three. The conscious mind may become so absorbed and immersed in things perceived, that it grows altogether oblivious of the divine powers which should stream into it continually from above, and may even lose the sense of its own consciousness, like a gross feeder absorbed in eating. It is drugged and infatuated by the power of Tamas, and is literally inverted, resting on what is below, instead of what is above. Or it may be so entangled in the thrill of perceiving and impelling to action, saturated with the sense of its feelings and inebriated with them, that it once more becomes oblivious of reality, and falls completely under the thraldom of Rajas. Losing the freely flowing inspiration from above, it is full of Unrighteousness, Unwisdom, Impurity, and devoid of Divine Power.

We saw how the rebound of our consciousness from things perceived wakes us up to the consciousness of perception, and of ourselves as perceivers. This rebound seems to carry with it into our consciousness the image and feeling of our bodily existence; and this image becomes the basis of our sense of personality.

It would seem that the divine plan was that the consciousness, thus made concrete, should immediately draw on the powers which irradiate it from above, the divine, creative powers of Truth and Beauty and Holiness; that the man should become the servant of the God, as set forth with such convincing truth and beauty in that wonderful book, *Through the Gates of Gold*. But it too often happens that, instead of looking upward for continuous inspiration, the consciousness, under the sway of Tamas and Rajas, falls to worshipping the image of the body in the mind and offering sacrifices to it.

This is Bondage in the meaning of the Sankhya Sutras, and the declared purpose of that teaching is, to enable the man to see his bonds and to break them, to set him free, that he may realize and make manifest the divine powers of his immortality. For immortality is inherent in that deeper consciousness, and man doubts it only when he has become so immersed in things perceived, that he has thought himself into identity with their transitoriness.

So, calling to our aid the divine powers that touch our consciousness from above, we are once more to reverse the inversion of Buddhi; to invoke our inherent sense of Truth, that we may see things as they really are, and may then break the fascination of things perceived and the thrill of feeling; that we may also discern the true character of the usurping and tyrannous personal self and invoke the power of the God within us, and all co-operating divine powers, to break the tyrant's domination, so that the man may rightly worship and render obedience to the God. We are to invoke the divine powers of Beauty and Holiness, perpetually shining on our consciousness from above, in order that we may be so enkindled with the beauty of holiness, that we may be not only willing, but ardently eager, progressively to subject the lower in us to the higher, the worse to the better.

We are so enthralled and fascinated that we cannot perceive the need of doing this, or gain the power to set about it, without the active intervention of Divine Powers. But the Divine Powers ceaselessly seek the opportunity to do this, if we only show ourselves willing to respond. Again and again in our human history, the Divine Powers have made themselves objectively manifest, incarnate Truth and Beauty and Holiness, in order to inspire and help us; such are Buddha and Christ, in whom "the Logos becomes flesh" in the literal sense of Saint John's phrase. And all that, in our highest moments of inspiration, we dimly divine of the better self above our conscious minds, and a thousandfold more, is made clearly visible in these Divine Incarnations, these visible embodiments of the Logos.

Let us now try to apply to the doctrine of the threefold Logos resting in Primal Being, what we have gathered from our survey of things familiar and near at hand.

We have, first, the marvellous centre of manifold perceptions and actions, the conscious mind which builds the world in which each one of us dwells. Our very familiarity with it blinds us to the continual wonder and miracle of its powers. But this much we see: that through the continuous activity of these powers, the world in which we dwell, the world built up of our perceptions and actions, is made manifest. It may be that we have here a correspondence with the Third Logos of *The Secret Doctrine*, the basis of the universe in manifestation.

Then we have that power which touches our conscious minds from above, ready to impart to us both inspiration and creative energy, as soon as we have firmly resolved to dethrone the usurping personality and enthrone the God; a resolution we are hardly likely to make, or even to conceive, without the active interposition of those Divine Powers on which we are so continuously dependent, but which can effectively aid us only in the measure of our sincere co-operation. Perhaps this region of manifested Divine Power immediately above us corresponds to the Second Logos.

But by abstraction we can conceive of the bare essence and potentiality of Divine Powers, not revealed, not made manifest. And this abstraction, necessarily very vague and tenuous, may be as much as we can at present conceive of the First, the Unmanifested Logos, which is, perhaps the Theos of Saint John's verses.

Finally, by a second abstraction, we arrive at the thought of Being itself, the Primal Reality through which all exists. While we can postulate this absolute Be-ness as an abstraction, it is necessarily inconceivable and unknowable. For to know this, would mean that we know why there is Being, why there is a universe; and it is clearly impossible that anything within the universe and a part of it, could ever answer that question. Yet this very Unknowable, this inscrutable Being, is the very essence of us, now and for ever. We can never conceivably *know* That; but we *are* That, and that fundamental oneness is inescapable. So we may, perhaps, gain some faint and shadowy understanding of the Logos doctrine, the teaching of the threefold

Logos, resting on Primal Being; confident that, as our light grows stronger through loyal obedience and service of the light, we may come to discern more clearly what is now so vague an outline.

So far we have for the most part considered life as though it were single, the adventure of one personality only. But there are three directions in which the very nature of our being perpetually impels us to break down our individual limits and go beyond them. There is, first, the natural impulse of exploration in the outer world. We have not only feet to carry us, we have also the impulse to use them which every child puts into action. The child views its immediate surroundings, but it feels instinctively, through the driving force of its inherent powers, that what it knows is not all the world, and it sets forth eagerly to make discoveries. Later on, this same power, this inherent conviction that there is more beyond, will impel it to explore new lands and continents, even to try to find the verge of the solar system, to send its thought forth to search the vast, mysterious spaces among the stars.

There is a second direction in which we are impelled by the inherent conviction that there is more beyond; the direction of our other selves, which rests on our intuitive certainty of the genuine being and consciousness of those about us. We are acquainted primarily with the consciousness of our own minds. But we know that there is also consciousness beyond the verge of our own minds, stretching away without limit. Whatever a man's formulated creed may be, this intuitive certainty is what he invariably acts on.

We are destined to do far more than act almost blindly and unconsciously on this intuition of "more consciousness" outside our own minds, extending, indeed, like space itself, beyond the horizon. This too we shall one day set forth to explore, under the same impulse to go beyond known limits which sends the child out to seek new worlds. Perhaps Sophocles and Shakespeare have their uses at this very point; they portray many types of our other selves which we can read ourselves into imaginatively, and thus gain practice for real life, exercising ourselves in the broadening of our consciousness, so that we may the more easily gain a genuine understanding of others.

But we shall not make much real headway in this direction until we have in some measure recognized and followed the third roadway which leads us out of ourselves, the direction upward, toward the Divine Power which touches the conscious mind from above. We must gain some entry there, we must catch something of that celestial light, before we can have any true understanding of the consciousness of our other selves. Without some gleam of the celestial light, we may go out toward the consciousness of others only to be submerged among other lives as dark as our own. We may be swamped by some form of mob-consciousness, deeply tinged with Rajas and Tamas, like the earth-hungry consciousness of the Russian peasants.

But if lit by some glimmer of the heavenly light we seek beyond ourselves in the consciousness of others, we may be rewarded by finding souls far more receptive of that light, far more obedient to it, than are our own souls. We may thus gain divine help on our onward journey.

The impulse to open the gate of the child's garden, to open the gate of the constricted heart, to open the gate of the burdened soul to the light and life from above, is a threefold admonition to us of vast reaches of being beyond ourselves; vast expanses of natural life, of human life, of spiritual and divine life. And this perception carries us from the diminutive representation of the Logos in our own consciousness, outward and upward toward the immensity and depth and splendour of the heavenly Logos.

If we are able thus to approach a philosophical understanding of the Logos doctrine, we shall be wise straightway to turn it to practical ends, for only thus can divine powers really come into action. We must invoke the spirit of Truth which illumines our minds from above, to the end that we may perceive the truth concerning the personal self that we have built up within our consciousness, a bedecked image of the body in the mind, which fascinates us and usurps our service. Here, it is not ill luck, but supreme good fortune, to break the mirror and so dispel the image of self; for only as the personality is dissolved, can we again become receptive of the creative light and power from above. The false personality, the hugely admired image of the body in the mind, is at first a source of intense enjoyment, as a youthful natural body with all its untried powers may be. But in old age the natural body, limp and torpid and flaccid, laden down with infirmity and the wear and tear of time, may become nothing but a source of weariness. So through the painful experiences of human life the false personality may come to be an intolerable burden, in spite of the residue of vanity that decks it. When that revulsion comes, there is hope that, inspired by the Divine Powers above and the succouring Divine Powers about us, we may dethrone our tyrant, and begin through painful, courageous effort, to live from above, struggling upward toward the light. This is that "new birth," or "birth from above," which Saint John records, through which we are born into the "kingdom of Heaven", the region of Divine Powers above us.

We should remember that all the powers, both perceptive and active, which have built up our life, are in origin powers of the Logos. Even when deflected to evil ends, as in the building and feeding of the false personality, they are divine powers warped. For this very reason the false personality is strong and intensely resistant; the combat to dethrone it can never be easy, can never be less than a fight to the death. It is the more imperative to wage it courageously.

It is philosophically interesting to notice how much of divine power misdirected has gone into the building of the false personality. Both its perceiving and acting are creative, because these powers are derived from the Logos. And it has caught a reflection even of the Absolute, in virtue of which the personality instinctively regards itself as absolute, the real centre of the universe, for whose uses everything else exists. To see through the usurper's pretences and to dethrone him, is our practical problem. It is possible only because divine forces acting rightly and truly are stronger than divine forces warped and turned aside.

FRAGMENTS

FROM the deep wells of dream comes this vision of the Christmas time. Haru told it recently, as the cold, silent wind moved in from the desert.

There were disciples of a Great Lodge watching that night, as well as Shepherds, for they, like the Wise Men, knew that the Hour of Sacrifice had come, and that the Great Deliverer should go forth to the men of Myalba. They watched in the desert in cold and silence, and the only sound they heard was the distant cry of the jackals. The heavens were silent, the stars were silent, no clouds of angels drifted across them; the Voice of the Silence itself was hushed in reverent awe and expectation.

Then the Star blazed forth, and in its radiance shone a wonderful Face, exalted with Compassion; and a chant was heard, — Lo, I come to do Thy Will!

Far off, on the hills of Palestine, other angelic choirs responded, — Peace on Earth to men of good will; peace to storm-tossed hearts in the haven of God's will! Behold, a hope! Behold, a bridge, from the lowest depths to heaven! Then the Face vanished, and in its place a giant Cross, black against the golden glory.

"I was one of those who watched," said Haru, ending, "and we fell flat on our faces in the desert sands, for we knew that the Lord had gone forth, that the Sacrifice was laid upon the Altar."

CAVÉ.

TAO-TEH-KING

An Interpretation of Lao Tse's Book of the Way and of Righteousness

VIII

71. *To know, and to think that we know not, is the crown.*
Not to know, and to think we know, is the affliction.
If you are afflicted by this affliction, then you will not experience it.
The Saint does not experience this affliction, because he is afflicted by it.
This is why he does not experience it.

THE Chinese commentators thus explain this paradox: To know the Way, and to say we know It not, is the crown of righteousness. To be dazzled by the knowledge which is born of contact with things sensible, and not to possess the non-knowledge which constitutes true knowledge, is the general defect of the men of this world. He who knows not the Way is attached to false knowledge, which he mistakes for real knowledge. When false knowledge occupies his soul, it becomes an afflicting sickness. False knowledge is the afflicting sickness of our nature. When a man knows that false knowledge is an afflicting sickness, and is afflicted by this, then he no longer experiences the afflicting sickness of false knowledge. To know the Way, and to know that he knows It not, is the condition of the Saint. The Saint is free from the afflicting sickness of false knowledge. This is why the afflicting sickness of false knowledge departs from him.

Perhaps we might put the same thought in another way: Real wisdom must always include a recognition of the great Mystery, the Unknowable. The Saint may know God; he cannot know why God is, or why He is Love. But he who is subject to the world-glamour of Maya, and is, therefore, continuously deceived, believes that he is facing realities. That very belief is the root of his delusion. But to recognize glamour, and to resent the tyranny of glamour, is to begin to free oneself from glamour. The Saint fights against the tyranny of glamour; therefore he is not the thrall of glamour.

72. *When the people fear not what should be feared, then what is most to be feared descends upon them.*
Beware of thinking your dwelling too narrow; beware of resentment over your lot.
I resent not my lot, therefore I find no cause for resentment in it.
Hence the Saint knows himself and does not make himself conspicuous; he exercises restraint and does not glorify himself.
This is why he shuns the one and follows the other.

In the course of life, say the commentators, the people have not the sense to fear what should be feared; they yield to their inclinations and indulge their passions, thinking there is no harm in this. Soon vices grow until they cannot

be hidden, and crimes increase so that they cannot free themselves from them; then comes death, the thing most to be feared.

Your house may be low, or it may be lofty; in either, you can find content. Beware of thinking your house too small and narrow, as though it could not contain you. Your means may be abundant or restricted. In either case they will meet your needs. Beware of thinking them less than your deserts. Common people do not understand their destiny, and therefore they resent their lot. The Saint alone knows himself and his state, and gladly accepts the lot which Heaven sends him; he boasts not nor seeks outward things, and therefore he has enough. Common people are dissatisfied with their dwellings and think them narrow. But the Saint loves his home, and is everywhere content. He is not great in his own eyes, and seeks not to shine in the eyes of others.

Here again we may suggest a deeper meaning: Maya, glamour, personal delusion, is the root evil; he who is led by glamour is subject to death. The Saint, who has found his home in spiritual reality, understands and accepts his life as a part of spiritual reality. He resents nothing and is full of humility, knowing that he exists only through the grace of Divine Law.

73. *He who dares to disobey, finds death.*
He who dares to obey, finds life.
Of these two, one is helpful, one is hurtful.
When Heaven is offended, who can know the cause?
Therefore the Saint acts circumspectly.
This is the Way of Heaven:
It strives not, yet wins the victory.
It speaks not, yet wins obedience.
It calls not, yet men hasten thither.
It seems to delay, yet Its plans are wise.
The net of Heaven is spread out, its meshes are wide, yet none escapes it.

He who follows the headstrong lower self rashly disobeys the divine law, and takes the path of death. He who dares to control the lower self, thereby obeys divine law, and takes the path of life. He who follows the headstrong leading of the lower self, and thereby violates divine law, feels the penalty but does not recognize the reason why he is punished. But the Saint diligently seeks to understand divine law, and to obey it.

The Way, the Logos, works silently, guiding all life, and winning always; divine law is always triumphant. The powers of the Logos work slowly through immense periods of time, yet always toward the defined goal, the redemption of mankind and all life. None evades the meshes of divine law.

74. *If the people fear not death, they will not be frightened by the threat of death.*
If the people constantly fear death, and one of them does evil, then I can seize him and put him to death, so that none will dare to imitate him.
There is always a supreme authority to inflict death.
If anyone wish to usurp the place of this supreme authority, and himself inflict eath, he is like one who wishes to cut wood in the place of the carpenter.
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When one wishes to cut wood in the place of the carpenter, it is rarely that he wounds not his own hands.

The Chinese commentators take this literally, as a criticism of their criminal law: when death is the punishment for every fault, people no longer fear death. But we may find a deeper meaning, by following out the thought of the preceding section: the Logos in action, as the law of Karma, rules all life and adjusts all violation of law by what appears as punishment, but is really spiritual education. Those who do not realize the action of Karma, because they are blinded by the lower self, do not abstain from evil. They are not restrained by the fear of violating the law, because they do not realize the existence of the law. But those who realize the law are deterred from evil through fear of violating that law. On the other hand, those who try to "take the law into their own hands" and to influence others while ignorant of their Karma, which means their real needs, are certain to "cut their own fingers."

75. *The people hunger because the prince consumes the produce of the land.*
This is why the people hunger.
The people are hard to govern because the prince is too active.
This is why they are hard to govern.
The people despise death, because they seek the means of life too eagerly.
This is why they despise death.
But he who is not over busy with life is wiser than he who esteems life.

Once again the commentators take Lao Tse's meaning to be a criticism of political conditions. But it seems equally possible that his meaning is symbolical: the powers of the whole nature starve because the lower self usurps the field and appropriates the life forces. The powers are hard to control because the lower self is too active. The powers despise death and rush headlong into danger, because of the lower self's thirst for sensations and emotions. But he who is detached from life and does not seek sensations or emotions, is wiser than he who is immersed in life.

76. *When a man is born, he is supple and weak; when he dies, he is strong and rigid.*
When trees and plants first spring up, they are pliable and tender; when they die, they are dry and hard.
Hardness and force are the attendants of death; suppleness and weakness are the attendants of life.
This is why, when the army is strong, it does not win the victory.
When a tree has grown strong, it is cut down.
He who is strong and great occupies the lower rank; he who is pliable and weak occupies the higher rank.

A wise Chinese commentator says that this whole section has a symbolical meaning. Lao Tse wishes to say that he who draws near to the Way through yielding and obedience, is assured of life, and he who departs from the Way,

seeking force and power, and striving against obstacles instead of yielding to them, will perish without fail.

This seems to be another version of the saying that he who will save his life shall lose it, but he who will lose his life shall save it, keeping it unto life eternal.

77. *The Way of Heaven is like the maker of a bow, who lowers what is high and raises what is low; who removes excess and supplies what is lacking.*

Heaven takes the excess of those who have it, in order to help those who are lacking.

It is not so with men, who take from those who lack, to give to those who have in excess.

Who can give from his abundance to all who are under Heaven? He alone, who possesses the Way.

Therefore the Saint does good without glorying in it.

He accomplishes great things, but is detached from them.

He does not wish his wisdom to be seen.

Heaven, says a commentator, seeks to bring about a balance in all things, taking the excess of some, and supplying the lack of others. Man is in opposition to Heaven, and does not follow the law of balance. He alone who possesses the Way understands the way of Heaven. The wise men of old who surpassed others, used their powers for the good of others.

Again, we may perhaps find a deeper meaning: the lower self, which is in excess, is to be diminished; the better self, which at present is deprived of its part in life, is to be made strong. This victory will mean humility, detachment, and a blessing to others.

78. *Nothing under Heaven is softer and weaker than water, yet nothing can better break what is hard and strong.*

In this, nothing can take the place of water.

The weak triumphs over the strong; the soft triumphs over the hard. No one in the world but knows this, yet no one can put it into practice.

This is why the Saint says: He who bears the reproach of the kingdom becomes the ruler of the kingdom.

He who bears the calamities of the kingdom becomes the king of the whole realm.

The words of truth seem contrary to reason.

Water is like the Way, says a commentator, because it can enter into all forms, and move in all directions. It bends or rises; it will fill a square vase as well as a round vase. If an obstacle blocks its way, it stops; if you open a passage for it, it will go wherever you desire. Yet it carries great ships, tears down rocks, hollows out valleys, pierces mountains, and upholds Heaven and earth.

Another commentator declares that the men of the world think that only the base will endure reproaches. But the Saint holds that they should be endured without complaint. If his words seem foolish and contrary to reason, this is only because they are judged from the point of view of the multitude.

79. *Though you appease the great hostilities of men, they will still retain a residue of hatred.*

How could they become virtuous?

Therefore the Saint keeps the left half of the contract and expects nothing from others.

This is why the virtuous man thinks of giving, and he who is without virtue thinks of asking.

Heaven is without predilection, and gives constantly to the virtuous.

The thoughtful Chinese commentators may be summed up thus: It is better to remain indifferent, and to forget equally the good which we have imparted and the injuries which we have received. Hostilities are born of illusion, and illusion springs from our nature. He who knows his nature, and keeps it pure, has no illusions; how should he feel hostility? But those who cannot tear up the root of hostility are able only to cut off the branches; therefore, though outwardly calm, they nurse hatred in their hearts. He who is perfectly sincere, has no conflicts with others. He lets them follow their natures and does not arouse their hostility; he gives to each what he desires, and asks nothing from anyone.

The contract is a tablet of wood which can be split in two. On this the agreement to pay or deliver a certain thing is written. He who is to pay or deliver the thing agreed on, keeps the left half of the tablet, and he who is to receive it keeps the right half. When the receiver presents himself, holding in his hand the right half of the tablet, and it is found that the two halves fit accurately together, the giver delivers the object of the contract without raising the smallest question as to the rights or the sincerity of the receiver. When Lao Tse says that the Saint keeps the left half of the contract, he means that he asks nothing from anyone, and that he expects others to ask of him whatever they desire.

The Saint gives to others, and asks nothing in return. But Heaven gives to him constantly, loading him with gifts and blessings.

So far, the Eastern commentaries. A Western commentator would be inclined to point out the close resemblance between the thoughts of this most Christian of Orientals, born six centuries before Christ, and the words of the Master Christ; for example, the sentence quoted by Saint Paul: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount: "I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be the sons of your Father which is in Heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. . . . Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

80. *Had I a little kingdom with few inhabitants, if they had weapons for ten or for a hundred, they should not use them.*

I should teach them to fear death and to remain at home.

If they had boats and chariots, they should not enter them.

If they had breastplates and spears, they should not equip themselves with them.
I should bring them back to the use of knotted cords for records.
They should eat their food with satisfaction, they should find their clothing pleasing, they should be satisfied with their dwellings, they should love simple customs.
Were there another kingdom so close to mine that the crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs could be heard from one to the other, my people should grow old and die without visiting the neighbouring people.

The Chinese commentators understand this eloquent little sermon in the sense of the simple life and the age of gold. But it is more likely that Lao Tse has in mind the life of the disciple, which is indeed simplicity, a return to the golden age. Perhaps the most illuminating parallel is this, from *Light on the Path:* "When the disciple has fully recognized that the very thought of individual rights is only the outcome of the venomous quality in himself, that it is the hiss of the snake of self which poisons with its sting his own life and the lives of those about him, then he is ready to take part in a yearly ceremony which is open to all neophytes who are prepared for it. All weapons of defence and offence are given up; all weapons of mind and heart, and brain, and spirit. Never again can another man be regarded as a person who can be criticized or condemned; never again can the neophyte raise his voice in self-defence or excuse. From that ceremony he returns into the world as helpless, as unprotected, as a new-born child. That, indeed, is what he is. He has begun to be born again on to the higher plane of life, that breezy and well-lit plateau from whence the eyes see intelligently and regard the world with a new insight."

This is the site of Lao Tse's "little kingdom," and this is the reason why those who dwell there will not arm themselves with spear or breastplate, nor seek again to return to "the other kingdom."

81. *Honest words are not ornate; ornate words are not honest.*
The man of worth is not glib of speech; the glib of speech is not a man of worth.
He who knows the Way is not erudite; he who is erudite knows not the Way.
The Saint lays not up treasure.
The more he spends himself for men, the greater grows his power.
The more he gives to men, the richer he becomes.
Such is the Way of Heaven, which lavishes blessings on all beings and harms none.
Such is the Way of the Saint, who toils, yet without contention.

True words, say the commentators, need no adornment. Who acts rightly needs no eloquence. Who possesses the heart of the matter need not be learned in many things. The Saint uses the Way for mankind, he gives all his treasures to men. Though he lavish his treasure on all the men of the kingdom and on ages to come, the Way grows ever greater for him, and is inexhaustible; his treasure ever increases and knows no diminution.

Heaven nourishes all beings, helping all and harming none. The Saint furthers the kingdom through the Way; when his works are fulfilled, he is detached from them. He seeks neither reward nor glory.

C. J.

THE END

TALKING OF REINCARNATION

YOU ask me with great earnestness to give you, who are alone in the desert, some account of the topics that your fellows are talking over, as they meet, incidentally, during the summer. You will understand that I really wish to respond to your request, when I tell you that the only information I have about such talks has come to me second-hand — and yet I am attempting to pass something of it on to you. But I must ask you to recognize that you are not getting "teaching"; you must at every turn beware of misconceptions and partial truths. Those who were talking saw and expressed only part of the many-sided truth of the realities they discussed; then those of them who so kindly shared the fruit of that talk with me, were oppressed with the sense that their account was so incomplete and inaccurate; and, in my turn, I know that I am able to give you only very imperfectly what they passed on to me. So, again, I ask you to brood over any phases of the talk that may interest you, and to get the inner light on it which can come only in that way.

As usual, the talk was started by someone who had a burning desire to discover how he could use every possible means of preparing to meet in another life the friends whom he so highly prized in this. He said, quite simply, that he regarded such friends as one of the greatest gifts life could bestow; and having them now, he found himself looking, with an apprehension that he knew to be unworthy, upon the time when they would no longer be with him. Some day death would ferry him to the other shore, and he would go alone. How was he then to find and to claim kinship with those who had gone before him and with those others who would follow? Most of them were far beyond him in their contact with reality, their conscious life in the spiritual world. It would be silly to imagine that in those vast mansions prepared for those who love and serve, there are not clearer lines of demarcation than we ever know here; each soul must have its fit dwelling. Those cannot be like Soviet caravansaries, — marble palaces flung wide open to the unclean and the unfit, in whose natures nothing has yet awakened that would enable them to enjoy the exquisite beauty of the surroundings. He felt confident, indeed he fully trusted, that in the place prepared for him he would be given the best possible chance to see the mistakes of this present life and to assimilate its teachings — but he confessed that he wanted even more than that. He wanted to feel assured that, if the Good Law could find it possible to grant, he might have his T. S. friends again "next time," if not during the in-between state. Does Theosophy, he asked, give any such assurance, — and what steps must one take to claim it? His earnestness barred the conventional remarks on that subject. There was silence during which others searched their own desires. Finally someone asked:

"How many of us, I wonder, believe in reincarnation? The T. S. requires

no such belief. Why should we hesitate here to be frank with one another? Why should we hesitate to express our feelings?"

"But," interposed another, "what possible use is there in exchanging *feelings* about a *fact?* Either rebirth is a law of life or it is not. I have often heard outsiders say that they did not believe in reincarnation because they did not like the idea of having to come back to earth again and get into a different family, or be someone they would dislike to be. In them, not having studied Theosophy, that attitude is perhaps natural, but not for those of us who have had so many chances to understand its teachings. For myself, I am convinced that reincarnation is the law, but there are many phases of it that I have never thought out, and there are some that fill me with a desire to be up and doing. I share the outsider's dislike and dread of possibly coming back to a strange world, in which I cannot pick up any of those connections and friendships that have made my life rich and happy since I was found by the T. S. and persuaded, bit by bit, to return home. What difference, however, can my *feelings* make about the working of the law?"

"Immense difference," commented his neighbour. "You can, to put it crudely, favour the law by working with it. It seems to me that if we really believe in the law of rebirth we must inevitably plan accordingly. There was, I suppose, a time when mankind did not know the law of periodicity as displayed in the changing seasons of the year. Now man is convinced of that; while it is yet summer, he makes provision for the coming cold of winter, and in the frosts he knows he must be ready for the summer's heat; — neither is his enemy. Is it not equally obvious that if we really believed in rebirth we should use all means to prepare in one life for the needs of the next, so far as we can recognize them? I will admit that for me, too, it demands all the faith and courage I can summon when I face the possibility of again being 'lost in the universe,' as someone has expressed it. Left to myself, what chance would I have of finding or serving the Movement?"

"Perhaps we could work our way out to more light," said another, "if we were to start back a bit, with the average family in the world to-day. Let us suppose that the eldest son of such a family returns home from an absence that has taken him to a centre where he heard, in brief outline, a presentation of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation; — he shares that new theory with the family. We will make it a well-meaning and well-behaved family; yet the chances are that no one in that family circle really knows any other one. Each could, perhaps, make a fairly accurate catalogue of the likes, dislikes, and *traits* of all the others. Such things do, of course, have to be considered and given due respect in every happy family, but, surely, in those manifestations a man is ephemeral; they could not survive the body. Yet those very things are about all that most people know of their close friends, it seems to me. To lose a friend is indeed a heart-rending loss under any circumstances. But when one is looking far forward, to other lives beyond the gates of death, — what explanation is there for the instinctive longing we see in so many hearts to perpetuate the intimate relations of the present life? Since most people do

not make their connections with the real man inside the friend, but rather with that man's wardrobe, so to speak, why should it seem to them so important to have access to that wardrobe in another life? In the family we are imagining it is probably the mother who instantly rejects the theory of rebirth because she could not tolerate the idea that any other woman might be the wife of her husband or the mother of her sons; they are hers, inalienably. Why should this new theory try to take them away from her? Clearly, the fact is that, if she could once grasp the significance of it all, these troublesome but treasured possessions of hers would, for the first time, come before her vision as they really are; she would know them and reverence them for all the reality there is in them — for the first time she would actually have some connection with them.

"Wardrobe," rejoined another, "is just the term I was seeking to describe my observations about the basis of friendship as it is commonly known. Mr. A meets a stranger, Mr. B, about whom he knows nothing, and he is obliged for business reasons to form a quick decision as to whether or not Mr. B is trustworthy. There is at least an even chance that his first impression may be right. Suppose he decides against Mr. B, who is, in fact, a model of all that is dependable, this does not indicate that Mr. A's decision was wrong as a guide for his own conduct. Mr. A may instinctively know that if he himself were placed as he sees Mr. B placed, he himself would need watching. In that case he will always be suspecting the motives and actions of Mr. B, and as men cannot make a satisfactory connection under such circumstances, it is quite as well that he should decide against having anything to do with Mr. B. On the other hand, suppose that Mr. B passes the first, instinctive test and is accepted as a good associate; — does Mr. A come to know him more and more intimately for the man he really is? Seldom. What Mr. A probably does, instead, is to turn the spot-light of his attention on externals, that is, to use the term that was given us, on Mr. B's wardrobe — by which I mean his manner of speaking (*and* how it happens to affect Mr. A); upon his readiness to be amusing or patient (at the point where Mr. A specially demands such consideration); upon his willingness to give in money, time, sympathy (especially on Mr. A's demand). From such impressions Mr. A makes his picture of his new friend. It is, we can see, nine-tenths illusion. Indeed, what are those impressions but perceptions of how he himself feels toward the object which he has created and labelled Mr. B? What basis for lasting, eternal friendship can there be in such a relation?"

"None," quickly answered another man, with just a shade of heat in his tone. "It seems to me that your Mr. A is a man of straw. Do you claim that a group of men like ourselves really know one another so slightly?"

"Shall we give five minutes to a silent test of that?" asked the previous speaker. "Do you all agree that it shall be silent?" All assented. The test was outlined thus, — each man to select some other one there present; to ask himself in all sincerity what there is in that other which sometimes chills, or repels, or "gets on his nerves"; to insist on pulling out before his own eyes the

feelings of which he is conscious; then to search honestly for their origin. How many can be traced to some time when he saw that man talking confidentially and overheard a laugh or an exclamation of contempt which he fancied might refer to him? Or to the time when, without giving his reasons (which may have been of the best), that man spoke of an unknown person in a manner which was most displeasing. Might he not presume to look at me in that way? To speak of or to me in that way, some day? Let each sift, silently, the ground for his studied withholding of confidence from his friend. At the end of five minutes the clock will be striking the hour, that ends the test. We agreed to say nothing, but let us also agree that each man who finds in himself no trace of these subterranean feelings shall stand while the clock chimes. All threw themselves into the test; there was a tense silence which grew deeper with each passing moment. The chiming of the clock came as a relief to many; each man looked at the clock-face, none at his neighbour; nobody rose.

A hearty, honest voice broke the silence: "That was the kind of test I like, and conclusive as far as it went, but it appears to me to be only half of the truth, and the negative half, too. There must be a way to get to know, and so to trust, the reality within one's friends; and I doubt whether it is either difficult or recondite. My dog does it at one spot, and does it very well. I should like to develop the counterpart of the very faculty he has. He knows all my friends by smell, and by something more, I believe. That additional something appeals to me as a faculty which man doubtless had, and has lost through his material development. If so, being latent it can be awakened and brought into use. Was it not H. P. B. who frequently told of making her way about, on occult errands, by the use of what she termed her 'occult nose?' As I remember it, she would have the feeling that she was wanted to go to a certain person and give help, or to a certain place, but often she had no information as to where that place was, outwardly, or where that person dwelt; she would start, and 'follow the currents' until she reached her destination. That seems to me the use of the faculty I want to cultivate; the fact that she had gained it helps me to believe that I, too, might. I suspect that after I have worked at the problem as hard as I can, with the aid I can get from the dog's end of it, I shall find the next clues I need, ready to hand. They may already be awaiting me in the article on 'Odorigen and Jiva' in *Five Years of Theosophy* which I never really tried to master. It was from there, probably, that I got my notion of the dog's consciousness as susceptible to differences in auras. It seems to me unquestionably true that a man's consciousness is very limited, when compared with that of the higher orders of animals. He admits that different breeds of dogs far surpass him in acuteness of smell, hearing, sight — a natural inference is that this greater acuteness has its counterpart in extension of consciousness. On the spiritual plane, I suspect that man, though now lacking even the notion of anything to be perceived there, has an avenue of entrance that is peculiarly his own, when he is ready to claim it. Perhaps his limitations on the physical and psychic planes of consciousness are intended to narrow his outlook on those planes, so that the rising tide of life, whenever he

contacts it, may wash him, even resisting, to that further shore where there is an entirely new field of conquest and exploration opening up for him, —at the very time when the physical world has few more to offer him."

"Do you mean that mankind is too busy in its various pursuits to adventure on those higher fields, where leisure must be essential to any continuous endeavour?" asked a man who is chained to a desk for long hours, and goes home to equally engrossing and taxing family cares.

"No, my friend. It seems to me that what man needs most in order to start on the real adventure, the quest of spiritual life, is not leisure from work but leisure from himself. The dog has so much more of that than the average man has. Man is so much in the toils of what the psychologists call the *reverie*, an incessant churning of the mind, in which, as they put it, thought will almost irresistibly 'circle about the beloved Ego,' — except a man hold it firmly and continuously in check by the will. There come breaks in this reverie, caused by some practical decision that must be made and acted upon, but following that, interest and attention fly back to this unproductive and yet engrossing churning of feelings, fears, and hopes — all centring in that self which is the rival of the man's true centre, and most of the time the successful rival. Now if a man were to make himself at leisure from all this interior conversation with self and those imaginary colloquies with others which use up so much nerve-force and mental-time, — who knows what higher planes of consciousness he might not be able to reach, and what acquaintances he might not be able to make there?"

"It is a veritable Niagara of self-reference that some of us have to encounter," said the man in the corner. "That makes the task big enough to be worth doing. It ought to be really easier to galvanize the will for this than for insisting on having one's own way, about some petty plan or other. One method of accomplishing it might be the determined effort to become proficient in the recognition of different 'atmospheres' — the way the souls of our friends pierce through the veils of illusion which surround us. When I had once learned to do that to some extent, I might also make it a means of real self-knowledge. I am sure that I am not the creature around whose moods and prejudices and fears that hateful daily reverie centres. I, myself, am quite another individual — one who has often been on earth before, in many different settings; and hampered, perhaps, in all my recent lives by an equally insistent and useless reverie (one that would not in the slightest interest me this time), centring around some equally unrepresentative personality. It certainly is not sensible in me to consent to having this stranger monopolize my earth-time and interfere with the work that I originally came into incarnation to do."

"Hold up, right there, please," begged the father of the large family. "Are you preparing to throw down all your taxing duties and to start life anew, for the soul? Do you think that would be right?"

"No," replied the other, "I should not regard such a plan as either right or sensible. When it comes to a question of dropping duties, I think we can

always be sure that this is not the soul's way or wish. None of my duties requires that I should maintain this exclusive chatter about myself. At the moment I cannot think of a single duty I have which would not be better performed if I could stop that silly reverie-movie. How could I have any duties except those of my real self which, to give it a generic name, I might call the reincarnating ego? If that real individual inside me had full control of the whole mechanism, I suspect that for the first time my duties would be properly done. The problem for me has been *how* to bring that about — atmospheres may be my clue. The starting point that occurs to me is this: decide what to disregard in the friend I seek to know; what to rate, on first trial, as unimportant and what may go deep. I suspect that my friend's real motive would be the deepest thing in him that I could hope to recognize. In the search for that, I could call upon my mind, often such a hindrance, to help intuition in locating my friend's real goal — that for which he so longs in his heart of hearts that he is sick, at times, because so little of it is reflected in his daily life. There I ought to find my clue to the real man, the one I want to know this time and next time. That method could, I suppose, be extended to myself, also, but with myself I should have to go further. I know that I am responsible for what goes on in my everyday working consciousness. To what extent do I keep it at the level where the will and desire of my real self can control outer acts and thoughts? Am I doing my daily duties as *mine* (the joy or burden of my everyday self), or as those given to the real man, through which something of the inner world might come into embodiment here? I wonder whether I have been talking only to myself; does this appeal to any one?"

"It means a great deal to me," said a boyish voice. "It reminds me of my dear mother's frequent saying, — All the lessons of the spiritual life may be learned in the nursery and the garden. What you, Sir, have been saying meant to me a garden-lesson, — that we had to distinguish between the annuals and the perennials and treat each accordingly. Surely the annuals are not to be despised; they have their place in every garden, just as the personality has in every man's nature. Since we cannot function without it on the material plane, it must have due care, but to treat its will and its notions as those of an independent and persisting entity would be poor management, from a gardener's point of view."

"Now, please," urged another youngster, "make this talk practical before it is time to close. I am not asking to have everything worked out in detail, like a topographical chart, but I greatly want to get the points of compass, as it were, on this matter, so that I can go over the ground in my own thinking, and make applications."

"Suppose we start at that with an experience well known among literary men and artists" — said a quiet voice that was seldom heard in these discussions until they reached the point of proposing "to do something about it." "Take the unsigned paintings of one of the old masters; there are art critics who can say, positively, 'This is a piece of work by Leonardo, done at about such and such a date.' There is no mystery about it; this man has so steeped

himself in the work of some few artists that he knows the intimate characteristics of those men — knows them fully as much in their outlook on life as in all their fine shades of technique. He knows clearly, unhesitatingly, the manner in which the great stream of life-force that played through them, moulding them where it could to its will, was expressed, coloured, and refracted by each artist's inner nature and his outer personality. By long study and much loving brooding, he knows how the artist saw life and how he depicted what he saw. Picking up again a good term that has just been used, we might say that he knows the artist's atmosphere. Were it worth while to study the few remaining literary puzzles, in that way, I am convinced that there would be no difficulty about solving the authorship of every one of them — provided, of course, that their real author had left enough signed work to mark his type of genius.

"But there is something else to be done that appeals to me as so much more worth the while of those who have the great advantage of the light which Theosophy sheds on this whole matter. Why should not those of us who believe in Masters learn how to recognise their individual work and expressions, by this very study of 'atmospheres'? That would give us another avenue to them. We have many letters by Master K. H. (in *The Occult World*); several that are ascribed to Master M; there are the New Testament sayings of the Master Christ. Where else do we find writings with the characteristic *feel* of any one of these Masters? It was by Masters, H. P. B. stated, that she was helped to write *The Secret Doctrine*. Do we ever ask ourselves, by which; and where it is that their work appears? Then we have *Light on the Path* and *Through the Gates of Gold:* the original editions of these indicated that they were 'written down by M. C.'; but through what member of the Lodge were those truths put into the world? Surely the atmosphere of the one who inspired those books must be in them; we could get to know that.

"Please let me say with much emphasis that what I am wishing to propose is not that we should start a guessing match, and try to attach some *names* to the real authorship of those books. The name, were it ever given, could have value for us only as confirmation of conclusions reached through our atmosphere-studies. It is the heart that must be used in such study; to try it with the mind would be as useless as to climb up a ladder that only reached part way. The mind at its best cannot reach to the world in which the Masters live; the heart at its best can learn the way there. We must train the heart to go, — for the only way in which we can know anything truly, whether beast or bird or some being of a realm higher than this earth, is to know it where it lives.

"For that reason there are advantages in starting such research at a point closer to our own life and experience than Masters are. We might do better to begin with the writings or sayings of someone like Mr. Judge. There is abundant material for us. Take the magazine he founded and conducted, *The Path;* it contains articles signed by him, from which one may learn to sense his distinctive but in some respects elusive atmosphere — then he contributed many others which he did not sign. Which are they? Or if that

out-of-print magazine is not accessible to the student, he might be able to use the QUARTERLY for a similar purpose. There are many unsigned articles; who writes them? No one would be really helped in the least if one of the editors of the magazine could be persuaded to violate the confidence of those authors and to name each of them in turn. Names are not the point. Besides, names change, life after life; those of to-day give no hint of what the yesterday names were, nor of those we may know to-morrow. Atmospheres do not change with the changing names. Really to know the characteristic expressions of the reincarnating ego might be our bridge over to the clues that we want next time, when we return to earth-life with no brain-memory of the very things we want most to know. The arctic explorer makes a cache of supplies as near to his goal as practicable, so that he may risk the longest possible absence from his base. Looking forward to next time, this study might so serve."

"That is just it," said one of the newer members. "So much knowledge is now available; if one could only record it in a letter addressed to the man whom he is next to be, — and find a trusty postman who would faithfully deliver the letter, in due time!"

"In this case," replied the older man, "the granting of your wish appears to have been provided for. Are not the Skandhas both letter and postman? Everyday we determine what to record with them for next time. The letter you propose might never get the ear of the man for whom you would write it — he might not be able to read at all; or he might find your present method of expression too clumsy to contain any truth that he cared to dig out of it. The Skandhas are sure to have a very active part in that new life; we might say that they will put directly into the new life current anything to which we give that quality of force and attention which builds their structure. There is another side of this that one often prefers to forget. If you could post the letter you propose, you would scan very carefully every word you put into it, but many untruths and false desires are heedlessly allowed to go into the making of those skandha-records, I fear. This would seem to lend support to the theory already advanced that the trouble with many of us is that we do not really believe in reincarnation — because we plan far better when we are dealing with temporal things which we know will recur and should be provided for."

"Could we, for that very reason, go back to the matter of atmospheres? I have been wondering whether a sensible starting point might not be one close at home, — say in my business. There are always personal problems there, whether one looks down, up, or alongside. Perhaps a study of atmospheres would help to solve them."

"Doubtless it will," replied the former speaker, "when the art has been mastered. As a starting point, it would introduce some needless difficulties that are hard to deal with. Most of us are so lacking in faith and flexibility that we need to begin such a practice with conditions as favourable to success as can be devised. For that reason it is better to start our experiment with

those who are sufficiently developed, spiritually, to have a clearly defined individual atmosphere. In learning a new language, one needs to have become really at home in it before he can fully understand incomplete bits of conversation, such as those that float to him, from all sides, at a crowded street-crossing. So with studying atmospheres, the distinct, clearly defined ones are best adapted to our purposes, at the start, — and also much more remunerative to the student."

"It gives me an uneasy feeling to hear atmospheres discussed," admitted a visiting member; "at home I am surrounded by artists with much temperament, who continually talk to me about what they call 'atmosphere' in a picture. There seems to be nothing vague and illusive about the identification marks to which you are here applying the term."

"Thank you," rejoined the previous speaker. "I intended to cover that point. I am glad of the chance to explain that I did not mean to imply that most people lack atmosphere, — there are many who fairly exude it as one approaches them. The distinction I was trying to make is that they have none of their own. Perhaps that is why they use common property so freely! I should say that they were, all their lives, and quite unconsciously to themselves, drawing from a general store; it may be the atmosphere of the city in which they live, or of their church, or of their social set. Like a sponge, they are full of the particular liquid in which they are immersed; they drip with it. But squeeze that out, and there remains nothing but the sponge. At present there would appear to be a prevalent world-atmosphere which few have been so fortunate as to escape, — an atmosphere of psychic churning which gives the unpleasant suggestion that somewhere there must be forming a kind of redolent psychic cheese. That, however, would appear to have been anticipated as one of the results of the termination of several great cycles which came just before the beginning of this century. I take it that H. P. B. had this very condition in mind when she said: 'In a few years . . . psychologists will have some extra work to do, and the psychic idiosyncrasies of humanity will enter on a great change.'[1] To get real atmosphere there must be a cohered individuality which reacts consistently to the demands made upon it on all the different planes of being. So Mr. Judge is a good starting point."

"His own account of his first contact with H. P. B. would be to the point here," said another. "I wish I could quote his words, but the idea was that he said to himself, — So this is where the lines are laid for the work to be done this time. We might imagine that he had quickly recognised a, to him, familiar atmosphere."

"Forgive me," begged the man with the dog, "if I bring my dog forward again. He seems to me to illustrate that very type of perception. When Mr. Judge got the clue to his life-work, he knew it for what it was; he had brought over the 'scent,' if I may so express it, for Lodge force. I do not imagine for a moment that his personality thereupon obligingly saw things in those terms, and helped him in his quest. There must have been a never-

[1] *Lucifer*, November, 1887.

ending battle at that point; but when his heart knew the goal, I suspect that there was really only one question, — how to get there. That is far, far beyond my divided nature; sometimes my goal is clear, and then, another part of me being uppermost, it looks like a bleak summit which it were folly to attempt to climb. I very much want to cut out that oscillation of desires, — and there my dog gives me confidence. He will sit up beside me when my friend with the shiny high-powered car invites us both to take a spin, — looking as proud as though all those smart trappings were merely an expression of his fine dog-breeding. I always thought that he delighted in the size and power of the car until I read a plea against the folly of imputing human interests to animals. That led me to watch more closely. I found that he would wear the same expression in my uncle's old buggy which is washed only once a season and has no springs left. So I concluded that, far from considering appearances in vehicles, his classification would be 'a discriminating distinction between the odour of gasoline and that of the stable.' That species of freedom from the tyranny of appearances, that concentration of interest, is something that I want to acquire and to apply to the things of the real life, — regarding outer trappings only because the real man has to use them and so must give them their due, but with no interest in them."

"A freedom we could all join you in wishing to reach," added a friend. "But it would seem that every year the way back to such simplicity and directness becomes more blocked. The psychologists seem never to tire of presenting new selves that must be reckoned with. The Seven Principles seemed a bit complicated, once; but when the psychologist sets to work at one of them, the mind, for instance, and presents you with a constantly functioning and mutually hostile set of minds which he labels 'the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind' — the outlook is not encouraging. After delving into a few books on the new psychology, I was thankful to turn back to Theosophy, and to its warrant for declaring that I myself am something quite different from the sum total of all that evolutionary heritage. It has spurred me on to devote more attention to my other strain of heredity, that from above — the source of all in me which endures, — the only one of me which it is in the least worth while to please."

"Time to close," said the faithful time-keeper, firmly.

"One second, please," begged the irrepressible one; "one thing more must be said. We have all been thinking it, but I want to say it out in words. I want to call for three cheers for the kind fate that gave us to know about reincarnation. There are difficulties to be faced, and new lessons to be learned; the prospect of being an orphan from T. S. teaching next time appalls me too, as the possible result of failure to make the best use of it now. But, again, I want to say, *Three cheers!* We are alive; we know; we can build for the future with the bricks that have been put into our hands."

A. B. C.

BERGSONISM AND MORALITY

"IF this study corresponded faithfully to the inspiration from which it proceeds, it would express at once a great admiration and a great inquietude: admiration for the thinker of genius — the word is not too strong — who has renewed the terms of the philosophical problem; inquietude before the solutions, expressly formulated or implicitly supposed, which he brings to this same problem."

Such is the introductory paragraph of a recent French book,[1] devoted to the discussion of M. Bergson's doctrines in their relation to ethics, — a subject which M. Bergson himself has been careful to avoid. Admitting the audacity of his enterprise, the author, M. Rodrigues, represents himself as having, in his analysis, "satisfied too deep a need for anyone to be reproached for having undertaken it." The inquietude of which he speaks is the direct result of his conclusion that Bergsonism is immoral or rather unmoral in its implications.

Obviously, such is also the conclusion of the Roman hierarchy, which has placed M. Bergson's works on the Index. It is the conclusion presumably of the French Syndicalists, who preach the violent overthrow of the social order and honour M. Bergson as one of their prophets! It is the conclusion apparently of those Pragmatists who praise M. Bergson for doing the very thing which fills M. Rodrigues with inquietude, namely, for reducing the mind to the level of a mere instrument of action, for refusing to admit that the mind can have any intuition of reality. One recalls in this connection the generous praise lavished by William James upon M. Bergson. Here at last was a metaphysician after his own heart, a philosopher who located reality, where it belonged, in consciousness, and classed mind and matter together as limitations of consciousness, which yields to illusion in admitting itself to be thus limited.

But, asks M. Rodrigues, how are we going to discover any guide to conduct in a universe where nothing is fixed, nothing is stable, where, in the words of the old Heraclitus, "everything flows, nothing abides"? If anything seems to abide, like a mountain or a concept, be sure that it is an illusion, a dangerous and brutal illusion, since it is a snare for life. Life is forever falling into such snares, forever yielding to the temptation to imitate matter, to wall itself up in solid encasements like the oyster, to retire into a back-eddy instead of moving with the flood. Matter is the limitation of life, and mind is the reflection in consciousness of that limitation. How, then, are we to expect the mind to frame an ideal course of action for consciousness, when mind is, by its very definition, the reflection of the inhibition of consciousness? Yet where else, if not to the intellect, are we to look for a moral guide, for an ethical standard?

M. Rodrigues frankly confesses that he does not know where else to look. He seeks in vain for some recognition of the authority of the intellect in the published works of M. Bergson. Ergo, he concludes that Bergsonism is a

[1] *Bergsonisme et Moralité*, by Gustave Rodrigues, Paris, 1922.

philosophy of anarchy on the moral plane, that "it translates, more faithfully than any other system, the aspirations or at least some of the aspirations of our epoch," the confused desires of men everywhere for liberation from all trammels and restraints, scientific and social.

There is, indeed, an ethics, a *morale*, which can be deduced from the Bergsonian doctrines, but, he insists, what a *morale* it is! Considered exoterically (to use his distinction), success in outwitting matter is the great criterion; and in this respect, it seems that M. Bergson concedes to the mind a certain value. For, by providing consciousness with a clear perception of matter, the mind enables consciousness to act upon matter with increasing effectiveness. There is no question here of sympathy or of disinterestedness, which we are accustomed to think of as typically moral qualities. There is question only of craft and sharpness.

But that is the exoteric ethics, —what of the esoteric (again M. Rodrigues' term)? M. Rodrigues finds the esoteric even more dangerous. Consciousness in Bergsonism is absolute freedom. We know it for the most part only through its contact with matter, which in its pure state is absolute necessity. If consciousness can be conceived as having any ideal end at all, it must be to regain its lost heritage, its primordial liberty; it must disentangle itself from mind and matter; it must exist, withdrawn into its true nature, without object and without form. This is not a new theory even in western metaphysics. For example, Plotinus develops it in other language in his doctrine of union with the One as the end of all souls. But it is new to the schools of the modern West, and it expresses a state so remote from the ordinary mental moulds, that M. Rodrigues may be pardoned for thinking of it as an aberration. For, setting aside the difficulty of comprehending such a state at all, he asks, what could be the only possible concern of such a consciousness? *Itself* — the sole concern of such a consciousness would be itself! The Ego would expand in "pure time" to embrace the whole of itself in an ever-present and immediate intuition. What is more, there could be only one Ego, or, at least, every Ego would be absolutely self-sufficient. If the exoteric ethics of Bergsonism be nothing but craft and cunning, M. Rodrigues thinks that the esoteric is the acme of self-absorption and egotism.

All this is most interesting to the student of Theosophy, first, because M. Bergson has so often expressed ideas in harmony with Theosophy, and secondly, because, in the present instance, M. Rodrigues is in so many respects obviously right.

M. Bergson's supreme contribution to modern thought has been to draw the attention of men away from the periphery of the universe towards its centre, away from the forms, mental and material, in which consciousness has been incorporated, back to consciousness itself as the reality transcending all forms. For, if M. Bergson will pardon an analogy drawn from geometry, the infinite whole is greater than any of its finite parts. Life is greater than any one or any sum of its incarnations, and in this earth-bound age, anyone who can explain this to us performs a real service.

Again, in his re-assertion of the intrinsic freedom of life, M. Bergson has given man a vision of his immemorial birthright. In truth, man in his real being is mightier than the whole of objective nature, with all its necessity and all its "laws." Man is not bound like the swarms of molecules, to do perpetually the same thing over and over again. In like manner, man is greater than any of his "vehicles," greater than his physical body, greater than his "body" of passions and emotions, yes, greater even than his mind, with which so often he identifies himself. No ideal of the mind, however glorified it may seem, can possibly represent for man the limit of his attainments. Man is free and his powers are infinite. It is, indeed, well to tell him this.

But like many things which are "well," it is also dangerous. And M. Bergson's method of presenting his doctrines does not lessen the danger. Man is free and infinite in potentiality, but not yet in action. Freedom and immortal growth are divine things, and they must be earned by an age-long probation through contact with matter. M. Bergson does not hide his contempt for matter. For him it is inhibition and necessity and mechanism, a snare and a delusion. But in that ancient metaphysics, which according to tradition was born of the Mysteries, matter is represented as something other than such an absolute evil. It is the Nature of the manifested world; it is limitation certainly, but also it is the principle of *discipline* evolved by the Self for Its own instruction; it is the Hall of Learning. "In the Sankhya philosophy, Purusha, Spirit, is spoken of as something impotent, unless he mounts on the shoulders of Prakriti, Matter."[2] And in the *Secret Doctrine*, Prakriti is spoken of as coeternal with Purusha in essence, as being the negative pole of a process, the positive pole of which is Purusha, so that the two are graduated degrees of the same substance.

M. Bergson comes dangerously close to emulating Mrs. Eddy by denying matter altogether. For this denial is not as harmless as it would seem, and M. Rodrigues has made quite clear some of the consequences, which a logical intelligence can draw from it.

The first consequence, from which proceed in turn all the others, is the denial of the power of the intellect to conceive Truth. For, if matter be nothing but illusion, and the mind be an instrument fashioned in the likeness of matter, it must follow that the mind can conceive nothing but illusion. But, in the ancient metaphysics, it is said that Cosmic Mind or "Mahat is the first product of Pradhana or Akasa," the "noumenon of the sevenfold, differentiated Prakriti."[3] It is from Mahat, the Logos, that the lower states of *objective* matter are derived. And it is a direct emanation of Mahat, we are told, which informs the animal man and makes him in turn a presiding genius of his planet. It is the presence within him of a ray of Mahat, which makes man a self-conscious being capable of *choosing* his acts. In short, pure mind is not the reflection of gross matter. It is gross matter, which is the reflection, more or less distorted, of pure mind, and mind in its essence is the reflection of the Eternal.

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[2] *Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 247.
[3] *Ibid*, Vol. I, p. 256.

It is a reflection, therefore tinctured with illusion. But, if it cannot contain the true representation of reality — which would be a contradiction of terms — it can *symbolize* reality. By perceiving the correspondences between the higher and the lower, it can bring light and meaning to the darkest crannies of the material world.

Of course, the brain-mind of our daily experience is not interested in correspondences. It tends to harden by contact with gross images, to take on the colour of what it perceives. And M. Bergson properly directs his scorn against the pretentions of the brain-mind to any knowledge of the real. But intuition of the real cannot possibly be wholly devoid of the higher intellectual elements. In the most exalted states of intuition, the intellect must, indeed, be absorbed into that Will, into that Life which is the One Reality; but absorption is a transmutation of form: can we imagine intellection, in its essence, being absent altogether? The Kabalistic axiom indicates that the animal becomes a man before it becomes a god.

It appears that M. Rodrigues, the Roman hierarchy, the Syndicalists, and the Pragmatists have some justification for regarding Bergsonism as unmoral. Without the higher mind, without the faculty of choosing in accordance with a *standard*, liberty can become nothing but license and life can become nothing but death.

After all, why should we always think of the mind as such a fixed and immovable thing? Cannot standards retain their value and still change their forms with the changing needs of the race? What else is evolution, *creative evolution?* From a certain point of view, is it not Nature which evolves — the matrix of life, rather than life itself?

M. Rodrigues has much to say that is penetrating in regard to the exoteric ethics of Bergsonism. But his treatment of the esoteric ethics is by no means so just. Here he seems to reveal that very type of intellectual limitation which has stimulated M. Bergson to describe all intellectual activity as constrictive. M. Rodrigues cannot conceive how an intense contemplation of the self can lead to anything but egotism and the most complete disregard of all other entities in the universe.

But the sages and mystics of all races and epochs, all who have really practised this contemplation, give just the opposite testimony. By demanding of the self that it unlock the mystery of its being, by following the way of a self-consciousness ever more intense, the sage finds at last that the mystery of his being is one with the mystery of all being. "I am That." On the planes of real being the whole is not greater than its part. Without losing individuality, each part partakes of the full nature of the whole to which it belongs. As Plotinus said: "In Heaven the sun is all the stars, and again each and all are the sun. One thing in each is prominent above the rest; but it also shows forth all."

The brain-mind, being coloured by gross, differentiated matter, with which it works, cannot of itself conceive that celestial union, and by a queer distortion names it self-absorption and egotism. Yet, there is no reason why the mind

should be unable to conceive it. As a matter of fact has it not already been conceived by certain purified and spiritual intellects? And these have borne witness that here, in the depths of the Self, in "the flight of the alone to the Alone," is the basis of all sympathy and disinterested love, of all brotherhood. This is the union of souls, not in theory, but in life and in truth. So much the better, if the intellect can symbolize that union in theory, to aid the vision of those souls struggling far away on the periphery of the world.

What conclusion, then, is one to draw? Is Bergsonism moral or unmoral? Perhaps it is both, — moral "esoterically" if rightly understood, and unmoral "exoterically." M. Bergson has entered that super-intellectual domain where true sympathy of souls is alone possible through their union in the One Self; and without such sympathy the science of ethics is but a sham. But morality only becomes possible when this sympathetic, unitive life becomes an ideal and actual standard of action upon the planes of gross matter. It becomes such a standard through reflection in the higher intellect of man. Spirit becomes self-conscious by incarnating in the forms of matter.

Now M. Bergson denies that the mind can reflect anything but matter, mechanism, "separateness": there is no higher mind, all is brain-mind. Therefore there can be no connection between spirit and matter, since these are two substances eternally separated from each other, — if, indeed, matter, which is absolute illusion, can be called a substance. There can be no vehicle through which spirituality can be manifested in matter; spirituality must remain forever unmanifested as a state of pure consciousness. On the other hand, the life of material entities, being illusory, can give birth only to an endless series of illusions. In such a pseudo-existence, what other "morality" could be possible than that of the brain-mind striving without let to outwit matter, one illusion trying to outpoint another!

How much wiser were the old Vedântins of India! For them, the Great Illusion of the material world is *relative,* not absolute.

But M. Bergson is singularly reticent upon many parts of his system. He has not told us himself what his ethical views are. Let us hope that in the present connection he has been misjudged.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

If alchemy can change dust into gold, thou marvellest;
But asceticism is an alchemy which changes dust into God.

—MULLAH SHAH.

Only when knowledge frees thee from thyself,
Is such knowledge better than ignorance.

—HAKIM SANAI.

AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

VI

The New Kingdom (The Empire)

At last we come to the great "heretic" himself. Weigall says that with the name of Akhnaton "there comes the singing of birds, the laughter of children, and the scent of many flowers"; but that is one side only, for we hear a sterner note as well, — the sound of a battle to the death, of a terrific combat against the Dark Forces. Akhnaton, the gentle lover of all that was beautiful, all that was simple and true, yet had the courage to face almost single handed the servants of the Black Lodge, the priests of Amen. Fearlessly, superbly, knowing but too well the personal danger that he ran, he threw into the balance all that he had and was. His own life was the price he paid, but he gave back to Egypt, glorified and transfigured, what was in reality her ancient faith, though dimmed by the mists of the passing ages, though long since hidden behind the thick veil of barren cult observances. His heart, aching for his country's jarring discords, uncovered his eyes to a larger vision, and from the ashes of her outworn rituals he redeemed what was still living, what was "eternal in the heavens"; from the varied worship of her many gods he drew whatever he found of pure gold, welding it, fusing it in the fire of his heart, into one comprehensive Whole. Seeing only the Unity of Being underlying the multiform manifestations of life, his aspiration carried him to a loftier point in the hierarchy of existence than had been attained since the time of the Old Kingdom. He reached above and beyond all inharmonies, all warring and separating interests, to the consciousness of One Supreme and Loving Father of all men, a Great Being presiding alike over the destinies of Egypt and of the nations of the earth; Who was not only the Spirit of radiant, up-springing Life, but Who was above all else the Love which moves and sustains the World; Whose tender solicitude for great and small, for man and beast and all "flying and fluttering things" throbbed and beat ceaselessly under the veil of simple, daily life. This splendid, unifying vision of a Beneficent God and Compassionate Friend, loving with an intense and intimate love each and every one of his creatures, — such was the great gift which this young Pharaoh made to the world.

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It is interesting to compare the views of two different writers in regard to the "monotheism" taught by Akhnaton. Breasted maintains that the monotheistic tendency displayed at this time was the logical result, in the realm of ideas, of Egypt's acquisition of world power. As there is a world-ruler so must

there be a world-god. To quote: "From of old the Pharaoh was the heir of the gods, and ruled the two kingdoms of the upper and lower river which they had once ruled. Thus they had not in the myths extended their dominion beyond the river valley. But under the Empire all this was changed, the god goes where the Pharaoh's sword carries him; the advance of the Pharaoh's boundary-tablets in Nubia and Syria is the extension of the god's domain. Thus, for king and priest alike, the world was becoming only a great domain of the god. . . . It can be no accident that the notion of a practically universal god arose in Egypt at the moment when he [the Pharaoh] was receiving universal tribute from the world of that day." There is undoubtedly a great amount of truth in this so far as it goes, and outer events, such as the building up of the Empire, must certainly have coloured the mental concepts of Egypt and *prepared the ground* for what was to follow. But the initial impulse which resulted in the recognition of the fundamental unity of the Egyptian Pantheon sprang from a far deeper source and was incalculably more ancient than the passage just quoted would have us think. To give to the Empire, even with its universal aspect, the full credit of inspiring the idea of the One Indivisible Life is not only to confuse outer with inner events, but actually to reverse the order of these events. N. de G. Davies, going more directly to the heart of the matter, in that he finds himself unable to explain, by mere historical phases, the origin of Akhnaton's wisdom, says that we have no testimony, outside of a few scattered facts gathered together from the ruins of Tell el-Amarna, which "has been of any but secondary importance as a clue to the mystery of this monotheistic movement in Egypt, its sources, its personal inspiration, its significance, its fruits."

Petrie, referring not to Akhnaton specially but to monotheism generally, throws a broader ray of light on the matter. In his little book *The Religion of Ancient Egypt*, he speaks of the different classes of gods, warning us against the mistake of confusing those gods which are the result of animistic tendencies with the really great gods who "stand on an entirely different footing." Continuing, he says: "Were the conception of a god only an evolution from such spirit worship we should find the worship of many gods preceding the worship of one god, polytheism would precede monotheism in each tribe and race. What we actually find is the contrary of this, monotheism is the first stage traceable in theology. . . . Wherever we can trace back polytheism to its earliest stages we find that it results from combinations of monotheism." We shall have more to say on this particular point later on, as it has a very important connection with our subject, and is interesting because contrary to the usually accepted sequence in the evolution of religions.

To Akhnaton, the great "monotheist," the truest and loftiest representative of the One God, the Divine Unity of Life, could be no other than RA, the "Father of Egypt," "the Limitless." Far back across the ages he looked to the very "morning of the world," and it was the Sun God whom he saw, whom he loved and to whom he gave his unswerving allegiance. He set himself the gigantic task of purging the land of all that was false, of all that was evil,

calling on Egypt to look back to the pure days of old, to listen to the wise teaching of the past. Whether he succeeded or not we shall see.

There is a decided tendency nowadays to consider that the early Egyptologists, who were on the whole so eulogistic, greatly overrated Akhnaton's personal qualities as well as the importance of his religious revolution, and on the whole Akhnaton to-day would seem by many to be relegated to a rather second-rate position. Those who love him, however, are quite content to await his complete justification, his final coming into his own. Like most great reformers, Akhnaton has been called many different names by many different people. By his detractors he has been called a "prig," "a conscientious objector to warfare," "busied only with the saving of his own soul," "a narrow and dangerous fanatic," also branded as "definitely insane." His supporters call him "the first individual in history," "the world's first idealist," "the most remarkable of all the Pharaohs," "the most original thinker that ever lived in Egypt," — surely a list of epithets which should give ample scope for choice to anyone seeking a description of Akhnaton. To students of Theosophy he bears the stamp of a messenger of The Lodge. Inheriting the throne of Egypt in 1375 B. C. he began his great work in the world at the end of his century, as we are told a Lodge messenger always does. But more than this, he came at a time of Egypt's most cruel need, when the Lodge of Compassionate Ones, always tenderly mindful of humanity's distress, would most certainly have sent a faithful servant. We do not know definitely at what point Akhnaton first became aware of his mission; it is largely conjecture, but that he had, from the very beginning, a distinct consciousness of being in some way dedicated to a chosen work, there cannot be the least doubt.

We know very little of Akhnaton's early life, but what we do know points to a maturity of character far beyond his years. For a long time there had been no male heir born to Amenhotep III and his Great Queen Tiy, though there had been several daughters, and no doubt much anxiety was felt as to the succession, so that when the little prince came at last, there must have been glad rejoicing in the Two Lands. He was called Amenhotep after his father, for it was not till much later that he took the name by which we best know him. From the first he was a delicate, serious child, and as he grew in years he loved much better to listen to the religious and philosophic discussions which went on about him, than to give himself up to pleasure, to the excitements of the chase, and the enjoyments of festivities as his father had done. For a great religious quest was firing the hearts of certain inmates of the Palace at this time, and it is evident that there was a select, if small, circle of friends to whom the discussion of religious subjects was more satisfying than all the seductions of the Court. Queen Tiy, her father Yuaa and a Heliopolitan priest named Aÿ were among the leading spirits also, and little by little, a few of the greatest nobles in the land were drawn within the radius of the new movement. One writer, emphasizing Yuaa's Syrian origin, sees in this movement "the Asiatic tendency to speculate in religious questions," but it would seem to us to derive from much nearer home, and to have arisen, in one sense

at least, from nothing more remote than an intense and growing aversion for the unholy aims and practices of the Amen priesthood. According to Weigall: "It is possible that those more thoughtful members of the court who were trying to undermine the influence of the priesthood of Amen, and who were beginning to carry into execution the schemes of emancipation, . . . now endeavoured to strip Amen of his associations with the Sun; for that identity was really his simple claim to acceptance by any but Thebans. The priesthood on their part, it may be supposed, drew as much attention as possible to the connection of their deity with RA; for they knew that none but the Heliopolitan god could be advanced with success as a rival of Amen, by those who desired to overthrow the Theban god."

This distrust of the priesthood of Amen had already been evident in the reign of Thothmes IV, though perhaps more for political than for religious reasons; and Amenhotep III, while contributing so much towards the worldly glories of this priesthood, would also seem to have had at least political misgivings, for on one occasion when the High Priest of Amen, who also held the office of Vizier, suddenly died, Amenhotep, instead of letting the combined offices pass on to the succeeding High Priest, deliberately separated them by appointing as his Prime Minister one of his nobles, Rames, who had no connection whatever with the priesthood. This appears to have been a well calculated, if abortive attempt, to divide once for all religious from civil power. Despite these rather vague precautions however, nothing really definite was accomplished towards diminishing the power of Amen, for Thothmes IV was too cautious and Amenhotep III too indolent to deal with the growing menace as drastically as it deserved.

During these two reigns, in fact even earlier, there had been still another tendency inimical to Amen, though perhaps unwittingly so, to those responsible for it. This was the revival of the worship of the ancient god RA-Horakhti blended with the as yet little recognized god ATON. We remember that RA-Horakhti, or Horus of the Two Horizons, was really another aspect of RA himself, and his outward semblance was the Rising and the Setting Sun. Thus, as indicated in the "legend" of Thothmes IV and the Great Sphinx, RA-Horakhti had the combined attributes of RA, — "Horakhti-Khepri-RA-Atum."

Now once more Horakhti began to take a prominent part in the state religion, reinforced by the mysterious, and until recently almost unknown god. As a matter of fact, however, we know that ATON worship was not new in Egypt, and that there had long been "a special secret doctrine," an ATON cult at Heliopolis, though apparently unsuspected by the world at large. It is sometimes claimed that this secret cult had been originally nothing more than the adoration of the simple material sun, the physical solar disc; hence the ATON worshippers are often spoken of, by writers on the subject, as "the disc worshippers"; and though this limited view seems to us entirely mistaken, it is none the less somewhat uncertain how early there came to be realized, by the general public at least, the deeper meaning which later was unalterably

attached. All we do know is that, historically speaking, we first become conscious of this profound significance because of Akhnaton. To him ATON was distinctly and definitely a more transcendent manifestation of RA himself, a Being higher in the Scale of Life. There could be no danger of rivalry between their cults, no question in the minds of men of one god supplanting the other, since in *essence* they were One and the Same; RA was merged in the upper reaches of his own Ray. It was not a capricious fusing of two gods; their *identity in principle* had been established "before the foundation of the world." Akhnaton merely brought the world to a consciousness of that identity.

Though we come across occasional references to ATON in inscriptions, they are not given any special prominence before the reign of Amenhotep III. In this reign we meet them in unexpected places. One of the Pharaoh's regiments of soldiers was named after ATON, and the royal barge which figures in the great water pageant already mentioned, was given the name "ATON Gleams."

As to the actual *name* ATON, it seems to be uncertain whence it came, and those writers who wish to make Akhnaton's "new faith" entirely un-Egyptian, contend that the word ATON has a Syrian derivation and that the worship of ATON must therefore also be Syrian, maintaining that Yuaa, probably a priest of ATON, was instrumental in bringing the name of his god into prominence. They find the origin of ATON in the Syrian word Adon or Lord, — later Adonis in Greece. These same writers will also have it that Atum, the Sun in the West, the Aged Sun, springs from the same source. On the other hand Wiedemann, laying less stress on questionable philological evidence, protests against the Syrianization of ATON and declares that "many things in this royal reformation indicate a deep seated working of Lybian influences." Maspero, however, sees nothing whatever un-Egyptian in the "new religion" which he says is "indigenous in its formulas and ceremonies. . . . The prayers that accompany the figure of the god, the ceremonies celebrated in his name, are all Egyptian. They present a character of seriousness. . . ." — in short he feels that the whole trend of thought is entirely in sympathy with Egyptian thought as we know it. We must leave this part of the question unanswered as being purely speculative, for up to the present there has been no material proof definite enough to fix beyond dispute the original national source of the ATON worship.

We can imagine that the early supporters of the movement saw a great advantage in uniting a little known and therefore uncontaminated god with Horakhti, — of introducing an actual name till now not generally known, for it was thus more difficult of association with Amen. This was the more necessary as the priests of Amen were endeavouring to diminish the majesty of RA-Horakhti by maintaining that he was simply an aspect of Amen, ignoring Amen's original obscurity as a local god. With ATON, however, there could be little danger of identification, and this was one of the chief desires of these crusaders against the priesthood of Amen.

It is not to be wondered at if the best elements of the educated classes felt

the strong need of a fundamental change, for there was nothing left in the worship of Amen which in any way filled a religious need; indeed there was everything to repel religious aspiration, for the Amen ritual alone had become so forced and formal that the strict ceremonial cramped and froze all intercourse with the god. It is said that "there were no fewer than sixty rites which the priests of the Theban Ammon were required to perform." Furthermore, their immense wealth had made them intolerably overbearing. We know that from earliest times successive Pharaohs had endowed the sanctuaries with gifts of lands and property of all sorts, but that in the Empire the magnitude of these gifts vastly exceeded all former endowments. Frequently these gifts were the fulfilling of a vow, this vow being that if a campaign were successful the spoil would be given to the god *by whose aid* the victory had been won. Amen, whose High Priest at Karnak was "General of the Troops of God," naturally fell heir to the greatest share. Steindorff writes graphically about the every day offerings to the god, — clothing and lodging were not his only need; he must be fed, and this apparently occupied the most important place in the ritual: "Originally [*i.e.*, in earlier times] it was no doubt solved by the pious gifts of private persons, who brought to the god the first fruits of their fields and gardens, together with what was best in the products of their houses. But later these private gifts were thrown into the shade by the rich offerings which came from the state, that is from the King, to the temples throughout the land. Vast quantities of incense, of flowers for the adornment of the altar, of honey, loaves, cakes, cattle, poultry, beer, wine. . . . Of all this the *smallest portion was employed for the benefit of the god himself.* [Italics ours.] . . . The slaughtered animals were no doubt laid upon the altar, in the temple court, but they were not there consumed by fire as burnt offerings. . . . The greater part of the food and drink that came to the temples was used rather for sustenance of the priests and the lower temple officials. Besides, out of the mass of offerings which were received on the great festivals of the year, a large part was employed in the entertainment of visitors to the temple. . . . There were processions in which one god solemnly visited another in his temple, and there as a matter of course was entertained, along with his escort, with meat and cakes." We see from this how luxurious the priestly life had become, and this was the more to be regretted when we remember the earnest exhortations (already quoted) of Thothmes III, who unquestionably foresaw a great danger and hoped to guard against it: — "Be ye vigilant concerning your duty, be ye not careless concerning any of your rules, be ye pure, be ye clean concerning divine things, take heed concerning matters of transgression," etc. Now, forgetful of his wise counsel and no longer regulated by simplicity of living, by discipline, by obedience to rule, by a sense of obligation to their community because of responsibilities imposed on them as guardians of the mysteries of the Inner World, they had begun to feel themselves strong enough to demand blind obedience from others, refusing to recognize the ever-growing tendency toward independent thinking. Their overthrow was thus, as we have said, openly

and ardently sought by the best elements at court; but one thing that made overthrow specially difficult was the fact, to which we have already alluded, that not infrequently the office of High Priest of RA at Heliopolis (other priesthoods suffered also in like manner), was despotically and insolently given to a chosen favourite, a minion, of the High Priest of Amen at Thebes, who in thus ruthlessly enforcing his authority as supreme religious head, offended against all the most time-honoured traditions. For the resulting loss, however, of a certain prestige, which the priests of Amen felt they had suffered, — a loss evidenced in the rising tide of indignation against their tyranny, — they considered themselves fully compensated because of the increased power gained by their unchecked influence at Heliopolis; that is to say that not only did the rich revenues of the older temple flow into the already bursting coffers of Amen, but an almost unlimited power was concentrated in the hands of the one priesthood. Small wonder, therefore, if deep public distrust and anxiety broke out. It is said that the Amen priesthood at this time "owned, roughly speaking, *one tenth* of the Egyptian soil, and no less than *one hundredth part* of the population (*i.e.*, men belonging to the sanctuaries), and so dominant had they, as a mere institution, become, so domineering as individuals, that revolt against their arrogance alone, quite apart from their evil practices, was entirely natural. But these evil practices must have been of a nature to make even the bravest hesitate. We cannot suppose that the priests of Amen were content with what to their debased standards must have seemed the comparatively innocuous pastime of perverting for their own benefit the ancient mortuary charms of the *Book of the Dead*. We know that black magic of the most powerful and terrible kind was an open book to them, and that it was unscrupulously practised; and it is hard to conceive of any country in more dire need of purification from the foulness of deliberate sin than was Egypt at this moment.

Taking, therefore, all these things into consideration, we see in this determined and organized crusade against the evils of the day, a direct intervention of the Lodge, and it is, perhaps, not too much to suppose that the little band of resolute men and women who stood firm and undaunted against the terrific onrush of evil at this time, were not only the servants, conscious or unconscious, of the Lodge, but were actors in one of the countless outer manifestations of the great Theosophical Movement, the traces of which we are told to look for all through history.

We already know the splendour of the court in the time of the "Magnificent One," and we can picture the young prince Amenhotep (Akhnaton that was to be), surrounded by luxury and laxity save for the little circle of earnest seekers, all of whom were people who felt with growing apprehension and distrust the arrogance, deceit and wickedness of the priests of Amen. From the first he was serious and thoughtful, and as he was especially loved by his mother who had prayed and waited for him so long, he must have been her almost constant companion, the sharer of her thoughts and hopes. It is certain also, that the priests of Heliopolis, true to their ancient traditions despite the

burdens laid upon them, had a direct influence on the growing boy, and it was no doubt through them that he first learned to look back to those bygone days when Egypt was young and RA lived warm in the hearts of men.

We know from portrait heads that the young prince had a beautiful, dreamy face; a long neck tilted rather wistfully forward, as though the owner were habitually deep in thought; a rather pointed chin; a sensitive mouth with a little droop at the corners, — but a mouth which we can see would be quick to flash into a humorous smile; a delicate, straight nose, and a broad, low brow. One has to know the face well to see in it also the fearless man of action so familiar to us.

Looking as we do into this really beautiful face,[1] we are sure that, as a boy, the young Amenhotep loved solitude, and early realized the great gifts to the spirit which solitude brings. He loved nature with an intense understanding which distinguishes him from all other Pharaohs. We feel that he must have spent much time wandering in the wide, luxuriant gardens which surrounded the royal palace, loving the flowers and the trees and the birds, and knowing them all by name. We feel too that he must sometimes have escaped almost alone and unattended, out beyond the green cultivated land which borders the Sacred River, out into the great, silent spaces of the desert. We can picture him lying quietly, hour after hour, watching the changing lights, listening with tense, silent sympathy to the soft patter and rush of the infinitely tiny sand grains, scudding past him, driven before the wind, — the "still small voice" of the desert. Or perhaps in the cool of the evening, carried across the river in the royal barge, he would go to pray in the great, open, colonnaded temple of Luxor, so recently built by his father. Night comes swiftly in the "Beloved Land," and the young Amenhotep, standing in that vast, roofless, lotus-columned court, must often have thrilled in hushed adoration as we of to-day standing there still do, at the silent approach of night. With quickened pulses he must have watched the rapid fading of the twilight; have seen the deep masses of the gathering shadows ranging themselves like unwearied sentinels along the great walls and in the far spaces; he must have counted the first, faint silvery stars as one by one he saw them swim into sight, and then suddenly, silently, the purple mystery of the Egyptian night would have come. But we fancy that more than all else he loved the dawn. Whoever has watched the night fade and the early dawn creep over the wide Theban plain, touching with tender, shimmering lights the rough, scarred faces of the Lybian hills; whoever has listened to the whispered song of the palm groves as they waken and stir at the first approach of day; whoever in those early, unsoiled hours, before the full glory of the morning light, has heard the strange, untamed cry of the Hawk, the Royal Bird of Egypt, — a cry which magically wakens old, old memories put to sleep long ages ago, and which, once heard, echoes forever after, hauntingly, — whoever has wandered in the unforgettable loveliness of a Theban dawn, can guess a little of what was revealed to the heart of the young

[1] We speak especially of the head discovered at Tell el-Amarna by Borchardt, for the countless caricatures of Akhnaton can in no way represent him as he really was.

mystic who so passionately loved all created things. We believe that at a very early age he dedicated himself to the work to which he gave his life, and it is easy to imagine that it was with the first splendour of the Rising Sun that this conscious dedication was made. For the boy was not of a nature to drift into any decision; most certainly his was the nature which sees and hears suddenly, violently, turning away with unalterable resolution and for all time, from every other call.

So his youth, of which we really know so little, passed, but not the memory of the heavenly voices he had heard. He never forgot his early visions, and the "dreams" which he dreamed as a boy he carried forward with him when he became a man. Those golden secrets which were whispered to him when a child, he gave with a full heart to his people when he became their King. Listening to "the song of life" the first divine chords of which had reached him almost in his infancy, he stored in his memory the melody he heard, and he learnt from it the "lesson of harmony."

HETEP EN NETER.

(To be continued)

In many ways this is the burden of the more ancient Scriptures — the protection which surrounds those who know that protection is God. It was a gospel that had to be preached with tears and beseechings from one generation to another. No generation accepted it. The belief in material power was always too dense. It is still too dense. In the Ark of the Great Understanding the Caucasian has practically never seen more than a symbol that has gone out of date. Lost materially in the Tiber mud it was, for him, lost forever. But not so. Its significance remains as vital to mankind as when, veiled and venerated, it stood between the cherubim. — "THE CONQUEST OF FEAR," BY BASIL KING.

Let also the stamp of discipline be manifest in every movement of the body; so that every member may keep to its own office, and in its acts not usurp that of another. Wherefore let not the hand speak, nor the mouth hear, nor the eye take unto itself the office of the tongue; but let every member so becomingly fulfil its own duty as not to offend the sight of onlookers. But the human countenance, since it is the mirror of discipline, must be so much the more carefully guarded; for any fault that there may be in it can so much the less be hidden or concealed. — HUMBERT DE ROMANIS.

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM

MASTER AND PUPIL

TRANSLATED FROM *Christosophia; oder Der Weg zu Christo*, BY JACOB BOEHME[1]

1. Said the Pupil to the Master[2]: How may I be enabled to come to the supersensible life, in order that I may see God and hear His voice?

Said the Master: If thou art able for the twinkling of an eye to soar whither no created thing dwelleth, then thou shalt hear what God speaks.

2. Said the Pupil: Is that near or far?

Said the Master: It is within thyself; if thou but for one hour art able to still all thy desires and thoughts, then thou shalt hear the ineffable words of God.

3. Said the Pupil: How will it be possible for me to hear if I remain unmoved by my thoughts and desires?

Said the Master: If thou standest unmoved by the thoughts and desires of thy personality, then the eternal hearing, thinking and speaking will manifest themselves in thee, and God heareth and seeth through thee. Thine own hearing, wishing and seeing impede thee so that thou dost not see or hear God.

4. Said the Pupil: Wherewith shall I hear and see God, inasmuch as He is beyond this world and created things?

Said the Master: If thou stillest thyself, then thou art that which God was before this world and created things, out of which He called into existence thy nature and created things; thus thou hearest and seest with that with which God saw and heard within thee, ere thine own wishing, seeing and hearing began.

5. Said the Pupil: What is it then that withholds me, that I cannot thither proceed?

Said the Master: Thine own willing, seeing and hearing, and that thou strivest against that out of which thou art come; with thine own willing thou severest thyself from God's willing, and with thine own seeing thou seest only according to thine own desire; and thy desire obstructeth thy hearing with thine own inclination towards earthly, created things, and plungeth thee into the depths and overshadoweth thee with that which thou desirest, so that thou art not able to come nigh unto the supernatural and the supersensible.

6. Said the Pupil: Whilst I remain in the world, how may I then by way of the natural world arrive at the supersensible state, without shattering the natural man?

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[1] Jacob Boehme (1575–1624) was a shoemaker by trade. It has been suggested that Jacob Boehme stands for Jacob, the Bohemian, and that although born in Silesia, he was a Bohemian by descent. His blameless life, zeal in religious exercises, and his great humility, were noteworthy. His writings drew upon him the persecution of the Lutheran Church. Madame Blavatsky, in the *Theosophical Glossary*, speaks of him as a born mystic, although not an occultist. Among the many who have acknowledged their great debt to him are St. Martin in France, and William Law in England.

[2] The word *meister* signifies a teacher, a person proficient in any branch of science, or a master of an art, with much the same meaning as the French word *maître*.

Said the Master: Thereto three things are needful. The first is, that thou surrenderest thy will unto God, and sinkest thyself into the depths of His compassion. The second is, that thou hatest thine own will, and dost not do that whereto thine own will impelleth thee. The third is, that thou subjectest thyself in patience to the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that thou art able to endure the temptation of the world and created things. And if thou so doest, then will God speak within thee, and will lead thy surrendered will to Himself, into the supernatural state, and thou wilt hear what the Lord sayeth within thee.

7. Said the Pupil: So I must needs abandon the world and my life, if I would do that?

Said the Master: If thou abandonest the world, then thou arrivest at that whereof the world is made. And if thou losest thy life, and comest in the weakness of thy strength, then thy life is set in Him for whose sake thou abandonest it, — God, out of whom it was incarnated.

8. Said the Pupil: God hath created man for the natural life, to the end that he should have dominion over all created things upon earth, and that he be lord over all living things in this world; therefore he must indeed possess it as his very own.

Said the Master: If so be that thou rulest outwardly only over created things, then art thou with thy willing and thy dominion like unto the animal species, and thou art only in illusory, transitory dominion: then thou also leadest thy desires toward the essence of the animal, whereby thou art infected and captivated, and likewise obtainest the nature of an animal. But if so be that thou hast forsaken the illusory state, then art thou in the state above illusion, and hast dominion over all created things on that plane out of which they are created; and nothing on earth is able to harm thee, because thou art one with all things, and all things are alike unto thee.

9. Said the Pupil: O dear Master, teach me how I may be able soonest to arrive there that I may be like unto all things!

Said the Master: Willingly! Think upon the words of our Lord Jesus Christ when He said: "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matthew XVIII: 3.) Now if it be that thou desirest to become like unto all things, then thou must abandon all things and turn thy desire away from them; and not desire, nor take unto thyself to possess as thine own, anything that is; for as soon as thou takest into thy desire anything that is, and takest it and unitest it with thyself as thine own, then that something is one with thee and weaveth itself within thee in thy will; thou art then bound to protect the same, and to take it unto thyself as thine own being. But if thou takest nothing into thy desire, then art thou free from all things, and forthwith rulest over all things at one time; for thou hast nothing for thine own pleasure, and art nothing to all things, and likewise all things are as nothing to thee; thou art as a child that comprehendeth not what one single thing is; and even if thou dost comprehend it, then thou comprehendest it without contact with thy

perception, in the manner in which God hath dominion over and seeth all things, and yet not one thing apprehendeth Him.

But that thou sayest: I should teach thee how thou mayest be able thereto to come; consider, then, the words of Christ, when He said: "Without Me ye can do nothing" (John xv: 5). In thine own power thou canst not attain to such tranquility that no created thing can disturb thee, unless thou surrenderest thyself wholly unto the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, and givest over wholly unto Him thy will and desire, and wishest for nothing without Him: then art thou in the world of nature with thy physical body, with thy reason under the Cross of our Lord Christ, but with thy will thou wanderest in Heaven and standest at the end whence all created things originated, and whither they must again return. Then art thou able with thy reason outwardly to behold all things, and with thy soul inwardly: and with Christ, unto whom all power is given in Heaven and in earth (Matt. xxviii: 18), thou rulest in and over all things.

10. Said the Pupil: O Master, the created things which live within me withhold me, so that I cannot completely surrender myself, much as I may desire to do so!

Said the Master: If thy will departeth from created things, then are the created things within thee forsaken and are in the world, and only thy physical body is with the created things, but thou walkest in thy spiritual body with God: and if thy will forsaketh the created things, then the created things in it have died, and live only in the physical body in the world: and if the will doth not introduce itself into them, then they may not touch the soul. For St. Paul said: "Our conversation is in Heaven" (Phil. iii: 20); further, "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you" (I Cor. vi: 19); thus only the Holy Ghost dwelleth in the will, and the created things in the physical body.

11. Said the Pupil: If the Holy Ghost dwelleth in the spiritual will, how may I safeguard myself that He doth not retreat from me?

Said the Master: Hear the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, who said: "If ye abide in my word, then will my words abide in you." If so be that thou with thy will abidest in the words of Christ, then His word and spirit abide in thee; but if so be that thy will tendeth toward created things, then thou hast separated thyself from Him; then thou mayst not in any other way secure thyself, except thou abidest then continually in tranquil humility, and betakest thyself into a continuous, everlasting penance, so that thou art in daily dying to created things, and in daily ascension heavenwards in the spiritual will.

12. Said the Pupil: O beloved Master, do teach me how I may be enabled to come to such an everlasting penance!

Said the Master: If thou forsakest that which loveth thee, and lovest that which hateth thee, then thou mayest forever stand therein.

13. Said the Pupil: What is that?

Said the Master: Thy created things in flesh and blood, as well as all those who love thee [and] who love thee as long as thy will indulgeth them; these must thy will forsake, and consider them as enemies; and the ✝ of our Lord Jesus

Christ, with the world's scorn which thou hatest, these thou must learn to love and undertake as daily exercise of thy penance; then thou wilt always have cause to hate thyself with the created thing, and to seek for the everlasting peace in which thy will may rest, as Christ said: In Me ye shall have peace, but in the world ye shall have tribulation.

14. Said the Pupil: How may I be enabled to come to myself again in such a temptation?

Said the Master: If thou liftest thyself once every hour out of all created things, above all sensible understanding, into the all-pure compassion of God, into the suffering of our Lord Jesus Christ, and immolatest thyself therein, then thou wilt receive strength to master sin, death, the devil, hell, and the world. Then thou mayest endure in all temptation.

15. Said the Pupil: How might it indeed befall me, poor human being, if I might with my spiritual will thither attain where no created thing is?

Said the Master, most benignly, to him: O dear Pupil, were it that thy will might for one hour separate itself from all created things, and thither soar where no created thing is, it would be clothed upon with the utmost splendour of the glory of God, and would in itself taste of the all-sweet love of our Lord Jesus Christ, which no tongue can express, and would in itself be sensible of the inexpressible words of our Lord Jesus Christ, from His great compassion; he would in himself feel that for him the Cross of our Lord Christ was transformed into a tender benefaction, and would rather gain that same Cross than the honour and riches of the world.

16. Said the Pupil: But what would befall the natural man, since he must live in the created thing?

Said the Master: The natural man would be placed in the imitation of our Lord Christ, who said: His kingdom was not of this world. He would begin to die from without and within; from without, to the vanity and evil deeds of the world, and would become averse and hostile to all wantonness; from within, to all evil passions and envy, and would obtain a mind wholly new, which would ever be directed to God.

17. Said the Pupil: But therefore the world would hate and despise him, because he must needs oppose it, and live otherwise and act otherwise than it.

Said the Master: He would not take that to himself as if harm befell him, but he would rejoice that he had become worthy to become like unto the image of our Lord Christ, and desire even gladly to carry that Cross of our Lord after Him, only that He therefor might imbue him with His most sweet love.

18. Said the Pupil: But what would befall him if God's wrath were to attack him from within, and the wicked world from without, as befell our Lord Christ?

Said the Master: It would befall him as it did our Lord Christ. When He was derided and crucified by the world and the priests, then He commended His spirit into the hands of His Father, and departed from the anguish of this world into the everlasting joy. Likewise would he himself penetrate into the abounding love of God, and through the all-sweet name of Jesus be revived and supported; and in himself see and experience a new world, which would pen-

etrate through God's wrath. Therein would he enwrap his soul, and deem all things alike; his natural man might be even in hell or on earth, still his spirit would be in the abounding love of God.

19. Said the Pupil: But how would his natural man in the world be nourished, and how would he nourish his own, if all the world's disfavour fell upon him?

Said the Master: He receiveth a greater favour such as the world cannot bestow, for he hath as friends God and all His Angels, who shield him in every need. So also is God his blessing in all things; and if it should seem as though He would not, then is it but a test and Love's constraining, to the end that he should all the more pray to God, and commend to Him all his ways.

20. Said the Pupil: But he loseth all his good friends, and no one is with him who will succour him in need.

Said the Master: He receiveth as his own the heart of all good friends, and he loseth only his enemies, those who formerly loved his vanity and wickedness.

21. Said the Pupil: How doth it come to pass that he receiveth as his own his good friends?

Said the Master: He receiveth as brothers and members of his own life, all the souls of those who belong to our Lord Jesus. For God's children are but one in Christ, who is Christ in all. Therefore he receiveth them all as bodily members in Christ, because they have all heavenly possessions in common and live as one in God's love, as branches of the tree from one sap. He will also not lack outer, natural friends, as with our Lord Christ. Even if the high-priests and rulers of the world did not desire to love Him, — those who did not belong to Him and who were not His members and brothers, — yet those loved Him who were capable of His words. Also would those love him and join themselves unto him, even as Nicodemus did to Jesus by night, who for the sake of the truth loved Jesus in his heart, and outwardly was timid of the world. He will also have many good friends who are not known unto him.

22. Said the Pupil: But it is indeed difficult to be despised by all the world.

Said the Master: What now seemeth to thee to be difficult, that hereafter thou wilt love the most.

23. Said the Pupil: How may it be or come to pass, that I should love that which despiseth me?

Said the Master: Thou lovest now earthly wisdom, but when thou art clothed upon with the heavenly, then thou shalt see that all the wisdom of the world is but foolishness, and that the world hateth only thine enemy, which is the mortal life, which thou thyself also hatest in thy spiritual will; then thou elevatest thyself also to love such a despising of the mortal life.

24. Said the Pupil: But how can these stand together, that a man should both love and hate himself?

Said the Master: That which thou lovest in thyself, that thou lovest not in thyself as thine own personal self, but as a God-given love of God; thou lovest the Divine principle in thyself, through which thou lovest God's wisdom and wondrous works, together with thy brothers. But that which thou hatest in

thyself, that is thy personal self in which evil clings to thee; that thou doest because thou wouldst most gladly break up thy personality, and it would become for thee a wholly divine principle. Love hateth the personality for the reason that the personality is a mortal thing, and these two cannot well stand together, for Love possesseth Heaven and dwelleth in itself, but the personality possesseth the world together with its nature, and dwelleth also in itself. Even as Heaven ruleth the world, and Eternity, time; so also Love ruleth over the natural life.

25. Said the Pupil: Loving Master, tell me, I pray, why must love and woe, friend and foe, stand together? Would not love alone be better?

Said the Master: If love did not stand in woe, then it would have nothing that it could love, but because its own being which it loveth, which is the poor soul, stands in pain and woe, therefore it hath cause to love its own being and to save it from pain, so that it may again be loved. Also it might not be apprehended what love is, if it had not that which it could love.

26. Said the Pupil: What is love, in its power and virtue, and in its height and greatness?

Said the Master: Its virtue is nothingness, its power pervadeth everything: its height is as high as God, and its greatness is greater than God; who findeth it, he findeth nothing and all things.

27. Said the Pupil: O beloved Master, do tell me how I can understand this!

Said the Master: That I said, "its virtue is nothingness," that thou understandest when thou detachest thyself from all created things and becomest a nothingness to all nature and created things, then thou art one in the Eternal, which is God Himself; then thou perceivest Love's highest virtue. But that I said: "Its power pervadeth everything," that thou perceivest in thy soul and body when the great love is kindled in thee, for it burneth as no fire can. Also, thou seest this in the works of God, as Love hath poured itself out in all things, and is in all things the innermost and outermost cause. Inwardly, according to its power, and outwardly, according to its form. And that I further said: "Its height is as high as God," this thou understandest in thyself, for it beareth thee in thyself as high as God Himself is, as thou canst see in our dear Lord Christ according to our humanity, who has carried Love even to the highest throne, unto the might of Deity. But that I also said: "Its greatness is greater than God"; this is also true. For where God dwelleth not, there Love entereth in. For as our dear Lord Christ took His stand in hell, then was hell not God, but Love was there and shattered death. Also, when there is anguish, then God is not in the anguish, but His Love is there and beareth thee out of the anguish unto God; when God hideth Himself in thee, then Love is there and manifesteth Him in thee. And that I further said: "Who findeth it, findeth nothing and all things," that is also true; for he findeth a supernatural, supersensible abyss, where there is no place for its dwelling, and he findeth nothing that is like unto it; therefore one can compare it with nothing, for it is deeper than anything, and therefore it is as nothing to all things, for it is not comprehensible, and because it is nothing therefore it is unfettered from all things,

and is the one good which man cannot express. But that I finally said: "He shall find all things who findeth it," that is also true. It was the beginning of all things, and it ruleth all things. If thou findest it, then thou comest into the Cause wherefrom all things were derived, and wherein they exist, and art therein a king over all the works of God.

28. Said the Pupil: Beloved Master, pray tell me, where dwelleth it in mankind?

Said the Master: Where man dwelleth not, there hath it its seat in mankind.

29. Said the Pupil: Where is it, where man dwelleth not in himself?

Said the Master: It is the soul tranquil to its depths, when the soul dieth to its own will, and nothing more desireth for itself save what God wills, *there* it dwelleth. Then in so much as self-will is dead to itself, so much hath it taken up its abode; where formerly self-will had its seat, there is now nothing, and where nothing is, there God's Love alone is working.

30. Said the Pupil: But how may I lay hold upon it without death to my own will?

Said the Master: If so be that thou wouldst lay hold upon it, then it fleeth from thee; but if thou surrenderest thyself utterly to it, then art thou dead to thy lower self in thy will, and it then becometh the life of thy nature; it maketh thee alive according to its own life. Then thou livest, not in thine, but in its will, because thy will becometh its will; thou art thus dead to thyself, but livest to God.

31. Said the Pupil: How is it that so few of mankind find it, when all would so gladly possess it?

Said the Master: All seek it in something, as in illusory imagery, in their own desire, and thereto have almost all a singular natural inclination; and even though it proffer itself to them, still it findeth no resting place in them, because the illusion of their own will hath set itself in its stead, for the illusion of their own desire would have it in itself, but love fleeth therefrom, for it dwelleth only in nothingness; therefore they find it not.

32. Said the Pupil: What is its function in nothingness?

Said the Master: This is its function, that it penetrate without intermission into anything, and if it can find a place in anything which standeth still, that it taketh possession of, and rejoiceth itself with its fire-flaming love more therein than the sun in the world. Its function is, that without intermission it kindleth a fire in something, and consumeth that something, and therewith itself re-inflameth.

33. Said the Pupil: O dear Master, how am I to understand that?

Said the Master: If so be that it can kindle a fire in thee, then thou wilt feel how it consumeth thy personality, and because of thy fire it will be so overjoyed that thou wouldst rather suffer thyself to be killed than to re-enter once more into thy something. Moreover, its flame is so intense that it nevermore leaveth thee; even if it may cost thee thy present life, then with its fire it goeth with thee through death; and if thou didst lead it into hell, it would shatter hell for thy sake.

MI-KAI-MI.

(*To be concluded*)

MIKE, THEOSOPHIST

MANY years ago, in another world, it was my privilege for several winters to teach in a night class connected with a big and busy church. Like night schools in general, this one was a queer mixture of many elements— big unwilling boys propelled by determined parents, ambitious youngsters struggling for that which their days denied them, youths seeking special help for their chosen careers, and finally— to grip one's heart — grown men, old or elderly— slow, patient, tired— trying, with pocketed pride and gentle gratitude, to take a trembling ineffectual step or two over the threshold of ignorance, into that mysterious world where people had, oh, word of magic! an "eddication." Half a dozen or so of these were my special task, and to this day I adore them collectively and individually. Most of them were hopelessly past all help as far as the three R's went, but their patience, their gentleness, and their chivalrous courtesy, are part of the permanent furnishings of happy memory. Mike I remember in particular and for a particular reason. He was a huge pink Irish bricklayer with hands like legs of mutton, who broke out into cold perspirations before "It is a cat", but who never missed a lesson, for he had conceived the idea— Heaven only knows where or how, and certainly without the connivance of his Rector— that we come back to this world again and again until we have "larned it arl", and that therefore it might be well to get "a bit forrader loike" this time. We had neither of us heard of such a thing as reincarnation by that name, but the idea, born perhaps of Mike's Celtic prescience, struck me as agreeable and, moreover, as a useful long view for crystallized illiteracy to take, and it thus became the basic note of our humorous-friendly relation. "It's arl wrrong entoirely" Mike would announce, staring at his fearsome copy. "Hev oi the makins' of a scholard-I-dunno." But the consolations of the reincarnation theory never failed to cheer him up. "Never mind Mike, it all helps; we'll get you cut out and basted for next time anyhow." (His wife was a sempstress, and this analogy appealed.) "If you can't make pothooks yet, you *can* make patience, and it will be just as useful. These idle boys who laugh at us tonight will have you for schoolmaster next time." "Sure and oi'll bash their silly heads for 'um," Mike would threaten placidly, and bend his great shoulders once more to his grotesque copy.

It was not so much Mike's faithfulness, his perseverance, or even his beautiful gratitude that endeared him: it was his extraordinary fearlessness. Night after night he faced his contemporaries, his lady, and, worst of all, the incredibly cruel young of his species. So sure he was that God had some use for him in the future, that he was fain to attack the impossible in the present, practising detachment from immediate failures and mortifications. The attitude of this big loyal ignoramus was entirely theosophical in its freedom from competitive alloy, its intuition of cosmic possibilities. Who so pleased as Mike

when someone else did well? Who so sure that some day he too would do well? He had never heard of advanced courses; to "read off of a book" was a feat that exceeded his wildest dreams; just a pothook was all he aspired to; to "get the hang of this 'ere little oddment" he came night after night, week after week, inspired and driven by his unexplainable intuition that "work begun shall never pause for death." Never, never, so far as I know, did he achieve one decent pothook, but he opened vistas that time could never close, and I send after him his prayer for others — may blessings rest upon his head!

Mike is not the only potential Theosophist I have met, striving with ageing, clumsy fingers to break forged bonds, looking with prophetic vision into a land we call "next time"; and for them all, the Lodge has its night schools. But some of us are less wise than my bricklayer; we are too much occupied with our disabilities and not enough with our pothooks; forgetting that, though long views are for starting, short ones are for climbing, — we lack his calm. Sometimes when I find myself "all balled up", I send my soul back into the past to recall how Mike did it. Mike never talked about "wasted opportunities"; he had too much to do. He never stood up and harangued the room on the elusive nature of the pothook, but with stertorous breathings and writhing contortions he laboured with it. He never bothered about what came next. He seemed to know that as an artist ignores his picture while he works on his background, or a musician forgets his symphony while he toils with a phrase, so his immediate preoccupation must be just a pothook. As the years pass he becomes to me an object lesson in "practical occultism," — that portentous phrase with which we beginners bemuse ourselves, forgetting that our immediate concern is with india-rubber and bread-crumbs; that before we can be ready for long words like "occultism", we must practise with short ones like "duty," and that day by day we must work cheerfully with Siva for our own undoing. If we get impatient and take — as Mike sometimes did — a thumb to wipe out our copy when we find it too harrowing, we accomplish only a smudge. If we shed — as Mike never did — sentimental psychic tears over ourselves — *gardons-nous* — let our eyes be incapable of them! — *that* Niobe has an onion up her sleeve.

We have been told that justice to oneself is also a spiritual obligation, — let us then be just. Here we are and here great Karma brought us. We must have turned some careful pothooks somewhere — sometime — and Vishnu kept them safe. By virtue of them we find ourselves once more at the foot of the ladder of ascent. If we think of this night school of the Lodge in the terms of a ladder, we need not be surprised that our own particular rung is not always a comfortable one, or that others seem to perch with more aplomb, — we may suspect that gracefulness grows with each succeeding rung.

> What! blame the Master Workman's hand
> Because *my* mortal ills increase?
> Nay, for there yet remains one chance
> That *I* am not His masterpiece.

Some day I think Mike will turn up again. With Siva's work accomplished and Brahma's work begun, who shall dare to say what songs may be singing, what pictures may be glowing, what word of God may be made manifest, when Mike "gits larnin'"?

S.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

XII

St. Ignatius Loyola

(Part 2)

THE efforts of Ignatius and his friends have been followed as far as their meeting in Venice in 1537. They were never to start for Palestine. After waiting the specified twelvemonth, they proceeded, as previously arranged, to Rome. They made so favourable an impression in Rome, by the sincerity of their lives and teaching, that, three years later, they were recognized as a new Religious Order (1540).

The Order, thus formed, presents a type of monk different from those heretofore studied. Perhaps, to the average reader, a monk is a monk, and it is tedious to him to have differences pointed out that seem of no consequence. But, by analogy, while a bird is a bird, the man who can tell a wren from a robin receives real pleasure in using his eyes for that purpose. Therefore, it may not be an entire waste of time very briefly to re-state the distinguishing traits of the several kinds of monks as they were noted in an article in the Theosophical Quarterly for January, 1913.

Monasticism developed from the hermit dwellers of the Egyptian deserts. The name indicates this origin, as the word, "monk," comes from the Greek word, *monachos*, which means "solitary." In the west, St. Benedict, sometime after 500 A.D., established the first great community of monks. It is to be noted (1) that these monks belonged to their monastic centre; (2) that centre was self-contained, maintaining itself by agriculture, and various auxiliary trades carried on within its boundary walls; (3) the monks spent their time chiefly, (a) in the services known as the "Hours," which came at intervals of about three hours, from dawn to midnight, and, (b) in study, and, (c) in the manual labours of agriculture and the other work of the monastery. Strictly speaking, Orders patterned upon the Benedictine model are the only Orders of monks. But it is the custom to use the word, "monk," for any man who has taken a vow to live by a religious rule.

According to that general usage, a *canon* would be a monk of another kind. *Canons* are the clergy connected with a church like a cathedral, where they do not fulfil the duties of ordinary parish clergy. Their rule imposed on them the services of the "Hours," and other duties, but there was no highly organized industrial life, as in a Benedictine monastery.

Friars (followers of St. Francis and St. Dominic) are monks of a third kind. They do not maintain themselves by labour, but depend upon charity. Hence they have no great establishments, but, generally, houses for common abode in cities. Individual friars go from place to place, preaching. The friars combine the services of the "Hours" with their labours among the poor.

Neither a monk nor a friar need be a priest. But among the Jesuits, who are monks of a fourth kind, the professed members are all priests, educated priests. While the Jesuits depend upon charity, they differ from the friars in this matter of a thorough education, which fits them for intercourse with cultivated people of the world. The Jesuits do not observe the "Hours"; their labour is not in a cloister, but in the world. They have community houses of abode, but no fixed residence; their duty is to go where their superiors may send them. They wear no distinguishing garb, except the priest's habit.

The Pope gave official approval to the Society of Jesus in 1540. A few months later, Ignatius, though most unwilling, was made General for life. It was his burning desire to form a group, every member of which should have direct interior connection with the true General, Christ. From 1540 until his death, in 1556, Ignatius laboured in every way to safeguard the Society. He submitted to his associates the rules and provisions he drafted, and offered them on the altar also, for revision. We shall examine briefly two of his writings, the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the *Constitutions* of the Society.

The *Spiritual Exercises* will probably never circulate among all classes and sects as has Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ.* It is not derogatory to the genuine value of the *Imitation* to say that it can be read and admired by those who have slight intention of putting it into practice. On the other hand, the *Spiritual Exercises* are just what their name indicates, — a system of exercises for the spiritual man. Like Patanjali's *Sutras*, they are not a book to be read, but are practical directions to be carried out in their own sequence. They have no interest for the mere mind. Yet they form one of the greatest books in the world. While the phrasing of the book is that of sixteenth century Catholicism, the principles underlying that phrasing are universal. They are the same principles which found expression in other epochs: in the *Tao-Teh-King*, for example, and in the *Bhagavad Gita*. Thus take Ignatius's introductory paragraph on Detachment:

"Man was created to praise, to reverence and to serve God our Lord, and thereby to save his soul. And the other things on the face of the earth were created for man's sake, and to help him in the following out of the end for which he was created. Hence it follows that man should make use of creatures so far as they do help him towards his end, and should withdraw from them so far as they are a hindrance to him in regard of that end. Wherefore it is necessary to make ourselves detached in regard of all created things, in all that is left to the liberty of our free will, and is not forbidden it; so that we on our part should not wish for health rather than sickness, for riches rather than poverty, for honour rather than ignominy, for a long life rather than a short life, and so in all other matters, solely desiring and choosing those things which may better lead us to the end for which we were created."

The old Chinese sage, Lao-Tze, likewise, had something to say about Detachment. Lao-Tze's manner of saying it is entirely different from that of Ignatius. But we can see, beneath that difference, the same fundamental idea. Lao-Tze writes: "Neither Heaven nor Earth has any predilections;

they regard all persons and things as sacrificial images. The wise man knows no distinctions; he beholds all men as things made for holy uses." What are the "holy uses" to which Lao-Tze refers? Are they not, in the words of Ignatius, "the following out of the end for which he [man] was created"?

In the *Bhagavad Gita*, still another race has set down its comment upon the way in which man shall attain his goal. The language once more is different; but the truth expressed is the same: that Detachment from all things and events of life must be the disciple's attitude. "Thy right is to the work, but never to its fruits; let not the fruit of thy work be thy motive, nor take refuge in abstinence from works. . . . Whose heart is untroubled in sorrows, who in pleasures is unallured, from whom lust and fear and wrath have gone, that silent one is declared to be firm in soul. He who is free from over-fondness, meeting glory and gloom alike, who exults not nor hates, his perception is set firm."

There are many editions, arrangements and adaptations of the *Spiritual Exercises*. All are alike in their general structure. In this article, quotations are made from the edition of the original Spanish, with parallel English translation, prepared by a scholar of the Jesuit Society, the Reverend Joseph Rickaby. Yet even Father Rickaby, an authority of high repute, states that he does not follow the exact sequence of Ignatius. He does not give his reason for whatever variation he has made. The *Spiritual Exercises*, in this original Spanish form, seem prepared more as a guide for the spiritual director than for people in general; they seem like a teacher's manual, from which the teacher may give out to his pupils, with caution and discretion, to this one, more, to that one, less. Ignatius presents a number of varied cases, different types of individuals, like so many problems of arithmetic. He wishes spiritual directors to understand the principles involved in those cases, so that they may apply the principles correctly to the individuals whose progress they have to guide. He takes minute precautions to have his principles understood. But he himself understands quite clearly that the application must, in the end, be left to the discretion of the director.

The *Spiritual Exercises* are built upon the fundamental truth that man is the creature of God, and, therefore, owes everything to his Creator. From that fundamental truth there follows a second: man should esteem all things and events as they help or hinder him in rendering to God the homage that is His due. If that sixteenth century language offend, it is quite simple to put the meaning of Ignatius into other terms. Thus one might say that man, an emanation from the Absolute for Its own purpose, is entirely dependent upon the volition of the Absolute. All that is emanated seems to be working back toward union with the Absolute; man, therefore, should prize or reject whatever hastens or retards that hoped for union.

The book is in four main divisions, to each of which he who follows the *Exercises* is to give a week. Or, if the individual has not so much leisure, all four divisions may be compressed into one week. In the first division, the aim is to bring realization of sin, and its consequence, hell. This is accom-

plished by meditations upon general and special sins, for an hour at a time, five times a day. The second division offers a vital choice, to remain in hell with Lucifer, or to escape hell through transferring one's allegiance from Lucifer to Christ. Here is the celebrated meditation upon the "Two Standards," the standard of Lucifer and the standard of the Master; or one might express it as the choice between the lower nature and the higher. In the third division, the meditations centre upon the Agony and Passion of Christ. The purpose of the third division is, to fire the individual's heart, and to lead him (beyond the mere saving of himself from hell) to enter upon the path of discipleship. The fourth division, under the title, "The Resurrection of Christ," leads the disciple to conscious union with the Master.

The foregoing is a mere outline. Two brief quotations may give a little of the real flavour. The first shows the intimate and fervid communion which Ignatius pointed out as the disciple's goal. "The colloquy [the prayer with which a meditation ends] is made just as one friend speaks to another, or a servant to his master, now asking for some favour, now reproaching oneself for some evil done, now telling out one's affairs and seeking counsel in them." The second quotation illustrates Ignatius's plain common sense. He is giving directions about the posture of the body for meditation. Practically, he bids each to take the position that suits him best. "Enter upon the meditation, now kneeling, now prostrate on the ground, now lying back with uplifted face, now sitting, now standing, aiming ever at seeking what I want. We will observe two things: the first is, if I find what I want, kneeling, I will not proceed to any further posture; and if when prostrate, in like manner; the second is, in the point in which I find what I want, there I will rest, without anxiety to advance further till I am satisfied."

The *Spiritual Exercises* bear witness to his deep wisdom. In the *Constitutions* of the Society, Ignatius applies the same wisdom to the external affairs of the Order, and to the conduct of its members. The *Constitutions* are a wonderful combination of wisdom, caution, thoughtfulness and compassion. They are wonderful, also, in the completeness of their detail. St. Ignatius tried to provide for things that many people would take for granted, and to foresee possible emergencies that some would consider of no consequence. Take cleanliness, for example. One of the reproaches often brought against Religious Orders is that they encourage laziness and careless habits. The Jesuit *Constitutions* mention specifically that extreme cleanliness of person, and of all other things, must be observed. The cook is enjoined to use knife and fork, when he prepares food in the kitchen; he is not to handle things with his fingers. The kitchen utensils are to be kept *exceedingly* clean; the knives are to be sharpened often. Rooms are to be swept at least every third day. In case of illness, the patient is to be segregated to avoid contagion. There are directions for guarding details of conduct which sometimes tend to become casual, when a number of people live together in other than a family environment. It is stated that no one should enter another's room without knocking, that no one should leave his room unless decently clothed, that all clothing in

the common wardrobe should be marked with the name of the individual wearer. Other small details of behaviour are mentioned: in conversation, members should avoid wrinkling the brow or nose — they should preserve outward and inward serenity. Those who must confer with people of the world should have a companion with them; the companion is to stand a little aside, where all that takes place can be seen, but where confidential conversation will not be overheard.

As an example of prudence and compassion in the *Constitutions*, consider the following directions to a Superior when he has to dismiss from the Order an unsuitable candidate. Note the completeness of the suggestions. Ignatius is both cautious and sympathetic. He wished to suggest some provision for the spiritual need of the unsuitable candidate; he wished also to meet reactions that might arise in the minds of other people, whether friendly or hostile to the rejected man. The passage is as follows: "Three things also should be observed with regard to him who is dismissed. The first, of an external nature; that he retire from the House with the least possible disgrace or ignominy, and carry with him all that belongs to him. The second, of an internal nature; that the Superior take care, as far as possible, that he be sent away with mutual kindness and a feeling of good-will towards the House, with all possible consolation in the Lord. The third; that he study to direct him with regard to his condition of life, so that he may enter upon some fitting way of serving God, either in a Religious Order, or not, as shall seem more agreeable to the Divine Will. In short, that he study to assist him with advice and prayer, and whatever else his charity shall suggest. Let three things be observed to satisfy the rest, whether within or without. The first is, that great care be taken, that no irritation be allowed to remain in anyone's mind on account of the dismissal, a sufficient reason being given where it is necessary, and silence being observed, as far as possible, concerning all defects not of a public nature, even though several be discovered in the person who is dismissed. The second is, that attention be given lest any animosity be felt against the dismissed person; and, as far as possible, that they may think no ill of him, but rather regret him and love him in Christ and commend him to the divine Majesty in their prayers that He may vouchsafe to direct him, and shed His mercy upon him." The blending of kindness and prudence in the foregoing passage wins hearty admiration. And that passage is only one example from many. Why then do they not win general esteem and affection for Ignatius? Why is suspicion of him widespread?

This seems to be the answer to those questions. The book of the *Spiritual Exercises* is practically unknown to the world. But the world does know something, though in curious distortion, of the Jesuit teaching about Obedience. And the world hates the rigorous thoroughgoing interpretation of Obedience made by the Jesuits. Their interpretation strikes at the very foundation of the world's principle of action. A vow of Obedience was usually included among the vows of the other Orders. But it remained for Ignatius, who was forming a battalion of soldiers to fight under Christ, to give precision and com-

pleteness to the meaning of that vow. While other Orders also took the vow as to Christ, their goal was less consciously that of personal service with the Master. Ignatius was forming a battalion of disciples. Too much was at stake to risk incomplete understanding. A pledged soldier must know that the field of Obedience is infinite. Ignatius, therefore, with great wisdom, used the word "corpse" to suggest what a disciple should make of his self-will. He knew that in the universe there is only the creative Divine Will, and the devilish distortion of it, self-will. Self-will, in antagonism against Divine Will, is a destructive force. Through Obedience, man swings his effort from acts of demolition to acts of creation. Each act of Obedience, to one who is recognized as a superior, introduces into the moral character, as it were, a brick of that Divine Will. An equivalent amount of self-will is driven out, and is replaced by that brick of Divine Will. Gradually, self-will is undermined, and a new edifice is built up, strong with Divine strength. The world has no consciousness of Divine Will, which, in truth, is of a higher plane. Hence, the world can see only one half of the process that takes place in an act of Obedience. It can see only the lower half, the surrender of self-will. To the world, that lower half of the process seems a passive and negative thing — the surrender of what one has and is until (as the world thinks) one goes out in extinction.

An example of the world's attitude toward "passive obedience" (so-called) may be found in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in the article on the Jesuits. The author of that article speaks of "the destructive process of scooping out the will of the Jesuit novice, to replace it with that of his superior (as a watchmaker might fit a new movement into a case)." This quotation does not express a wilful perversion of truth so much as a blind misunderstanding; it is misunderstanding of a process too high for the world's apprehension. For we can interpret in a literal sense the words of Ignatius's title, *Spiritual Exercises.* Taking the title in that literal sense, we should expect the *Spiritual Exercises* to accomplish something that corresponds to the result of athletic exercises. Now athletic exercises reveal latent muscular weaknesses and potentialities; they teach us to eliminate weakness by developing potentiality. On their own interior plane, the *Spiritual Exercises* bring about a similar change; for they do nothing less than replace soft baby tissue with the enduring sinews of the adult man whose goal is the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Every one is acquainted with the working of self-will in very young children who have been neglected by their parents. But what is not generally recognized is, that while all people grow in body, only a few become mature in any moral sense. Few outgrow the infantile limitations of self-will. Hence it is possible to say that true moral maturity is the goal of Ignatius in the *Spiritual Exercises.* He planned deliberately to scoop out of a novice, babyish motives of action, namely, self-will. He knew that, through Obedience, self-will would be replaced, not by something extraneous, as a case is to the movement of a watch, but by a new, immortal and divine source of action springing up within the novice, nothing less than the very mind and will and life of the Master.

Ignatius directs the would-be disciple at first "to act as if," to obey his Superior *as if* he were Christ. In course of time the "as if" will disappear, and the novice will have become the disciple. Thus the *Constitutions* declare: "They [who receive training] must accustom themselves to behold in all, not who he is whom they obey, but rather who He is for whose sake, and whom they obey in all, that is Christ our Lord."

A word at least should be said to repudiate the political intriguing that has made the Society of Jesus malodorous. Politics was no part of the field chosen by Ignatius. He expressly put it on one side. But his successors were not true to his injunction, and the Vatican has found their infidelity serviceable to its own ends.

Mention should be made too, of the mellow humanity and rich humour which were characteristic of Ignatius. His gentleness with the youth Ribadaneira was extraordinary. Ribadaneira was a wild, noisy boy, almost incorrigible; but he loved Ignatius, and Ignatius, in return, put up with his pranks and escapades. One day Ignatius asked him if he knew what a secretary was. "One who can keep secrets," the boy replied. Ignatius made him his own secretary. Even more admirable is the wise handling of a delicate situation caused by an elderly Austrian gentleman named Ortiz. Ortiz had business to present to the Pope, on behalf of the Emperor. He met Ignatius in Rome, in the critical year, 1538. He was favourably impressed by Ignatius, and asked Ignatius to put him through the *Spiritual Exercises*. He asked for a complete retreat. Accordingly, Ignatius went with him to a secluded abbey, and began the meditations. The old man's intention was good; but the seclusion, the silence, and the thought of Heaven and Hell so near, were too much for his mental balance. He became deranged. One can see in what jeopardy the future of Ignatius's work was placed by this unforeseen turn. He handled the situation with discretion like that of the scavenger in the Eastern tale. The tale relates that a fellow-scavenger had strayed into a perfume bazaar; overcome by the refined aromas, he fell to the ground in a faint. The wise scavenger ran for a handful of offal, and thrust it under his brother's nose. The familiar smell of putrefaction, more powerful than the perfumes, restored the fainting man. Similarly, Ignatius had to drive lofty, terrifying thoughts from the deranged man's mind, and to bring him back comfortably to the familiar surroundings of Mother Earth. It is narrated that Ignatius tried the effect of one of the Spanish folk dances, and that the old man at once recovered.

C. C. Clark.

THE TWO WISDOMS
MUNDAKA UPANISHAD

Translated from the Sanskrit with an Interpretation

I

Brahmâ the Evolver, first of the Bright Powers came to birth, Maker of all, Preserver of the world. He declared the Wisdom of the Eternal, the root and foundation of all wisdom, to Atharvan, his eldest son. The Wisdom of the Eternal which Brahmâ imparted to Atharvan, that of old Atharvan declared to Angir. Angir declared it to Satyavaha of the line of Bharadvaja. The descendant of Bharadvaja declared it to Angiras, both the higher and the lower wisdom.

BRAHMÂ is the manifest Logos, the Logos as Creator, or, more truly, as Evolver, since the Substance of Being is beginningless. The "coming to birth" of Brahmâ is the manifestation of the Creative Logos from the first, the unmanifest Logos. Brahmâ is, therefore, Avalokita-Ishvara, the Lord made manifest, the Host of the Divine Powers regarded as a unity.

The thought here is that Divine Wisdom was revealed, at the beginning of this world-period, to a chosen nucleus of humanity, and that it has ever since been handed down from Master to disciple, in unbroken succession.

In the Vedas it is said that Atharvan was a kinsman and companion of the Divine Powers, the first to bring down fire from Heaven and to impart to mankind the draught of Soma, which brings illumination. We may, therefore, see in him the incarnate Planetary Spirit who imparted Divine Wisdom to primitive mankind. Angir does not appear to be mentioned except in the passage translated above. Satyavaha means Bearer of Truth. Angiras is connected by some philologists with the Greek Angelos, a Messenger between Gods and men; the Angirases, taken collectively, are Sons of the Gods and Fathers of mankind. They are compared by philologists with the Sons of God in the sixth chapter of Genesis. They were the first to ascend into Heaven and win immortality.

This introductory passage, therefore, would seem to point to the origin and indicate the powers of the Lodge of Masters, as Sons of the Divine Powers and spiritual Fathers of mankind.

Shaunaka, verily, lord of a great dwelling, coming according to rule to Angiras, asked him: Master through the knowledge of what does all this become known?

To him he said: Two wisdoms are to be known, as the knowers of the Eternal declare, the higher and the lower wisdom.

The lower wisdom is, the Rig Veda, Yajur Veda, Sama Veda, Atharva Veda,

Pronunciation, Ritual, Grammar, Definition, Metres and Knowledge of the stars.

So the higher wisdom is that whereby the Everlasting is attained.

That which is invisible, intangible, without family or colour, without sight or hearing, without hands or feet; eternal, all-pervading, omnipresent, most subtile, that imperishable which the wise behold as the source of beings.

As the spider puts forth and draws in the thread; as plants come to birth upon the earth; as hair and down grow on a living man; so from that Everlasting the whole world comes to birth.

Through fervour and penance the Eternal is gained. From the Eternal, food comes to birth. From food, the life-breath, mind, truth, the worlds, and the immortal in works.

He who is all-knowing, all-wise, whose fervour and penance consist in wisdom, through him this Eternal, and name and form, and food come to birth.

As is so often the case in the Upanishads, the teaching is introduced in the form of communion between a Master and his pupil, as though to remind us that only in this way is real wisdom gained. Shaunaka, we are told, came to Angiras as a pupil, according to rule: that is, with the heart and will of a disciple. The Master replies that there are two kinds of wisdom, the lower and the higher.

The lower includes the whole range of knowledge possessed by ancient India: The four Vedas, and the six subsidiary studies which lead to the full understanding of the Vedas. It should be understood that the Vedas are not thought of as so many poems, or even as so many hymns. They are really magical instruments, the means whereby the student of the Vedas hopes to command supernatural powers. Perhaps it will be more intelligible if we say that they were thought of as the means for entering and gaining command over the whole astral world. But the Master puts all this aside as the lower wisdom. The higher wisdom is that whereby the spiritual and Divine is gained.

Then comes the definition of the Eternal by negatives, the purpose being, first, to lead the disciple's understanding beyond the anthropomorphism of the popular gods, and then to awaken his spiritual vision of that Divine Being from which all manifested beings come forth, and to which they are all destined to return.

Not through gifts and offerings, but through fervour and purification is gained the consciousness of the Eternal, that Being whence comes the food of all beings; both their sustenance and their experience, which is the food of life. Therefore consecrated food symbolizes experience of divine things. And through the sustenance which we draw day by day from the Eternal, comes the breath of life in us, our conscious existence; from the Eternal comes the conscious mind, with its power of discerning truth; from the Eternal comes the power to enter into the many mansions of the spiritual world; from the Eternal comes the power to build the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; to build that life whose works are immortal.

From the Eternal, in the cosmic sense, all things come forth, all worlds, all life-energies, all consciousness. And, in the more individual sense, through the intuition and spiritual perception of the Eternal comes the building up of an enduring nature in man, with access to higher worlds and a deeper vision of truth.

The last sentence translated above appears to mean this: Through the aid of the Master, all-knowing, all-wise, the knowledge of the Eternal comes to birth in the disciple, with name and form, implying true individuality, and that daily food for the inner nature which comes through the Master's grace and help.

Then follows a passage which dramatically sets forth the substance of the Vedic sacrificial system, the body of the lower wisdom, as it might appear to one of its devotees. And this is immediately followed by a condemnation of that system and the exaltation of the higher wisdom. It is exactly the antithesis which has been brought out before, between the Path of the Sun, which leads to liberation, and the Path of the Moon, which leads back again to this world through the bondage of Karma. We come first to the dramatic presentation of the lower wisdom.

There is this truth:

The works which the Seers beheld in the chants are set forth manifold in the three Vedas.

Perform them faithfully, ye who desire the truth; this is your path to the world of reward.

When the tongued flame quivers, after the fire of oblations has been kindled, then between the two portions of consecrated oil let him throw the oblations.

He who follows not the Agnihotra sacrifice with the sacrifice of the new moon and full moon, the four months sacrifice and the harvest sacrifice; he who invites not guests to the sacrifice, or offers no sacrifice, or a sacrifice without summoning all the gods, or without due rites, such a one loses the seven worlds.

These are the seven quivering tongues of flame: the black, the terrible, the mind-swift, the ruddy, the dark red, the sparkling and the glowing brilliant.

If he perform sacrifice while these are glowing, offering the oblations at the right time, these as sun rays lead him to the dwelling of the lord of the gods.

Calling, Come! Come! the shining oblations carry the sacrificer with the sun's rays, speaking fair words and praising; This is your holy Heaven, your world of reward!

So far, the dramatic picture of the system of fire-sacrifices. But there always lingers the thought that these Vedic ceremonies had once, perhaps in a far earlier day, a deeper and higher meaning; that this deeper meaning was veiled and obscured when the Brahmans turned the ancient Vedic system into a ceremonial religion, to rivet the power of their priestcraft upon India. There is, perhaps, the suggestion of seven modes of electrical force in the names of the seven tongues of fire. But the evident intention here is to condemn the ritual way to the paradise of selfish rewards, as the following passage shows.

It may be explained in advance that "the eighteen" are the four Vedas, each divided into three parts, and thus together making twelve, to which are added the six subsidiary studies already enumerated.

Infirm boats are these forms of sacrifice, the eighteen, in which are set forth the lower work. Those who, deluded, think this the better way, go again to decay and death.

Others, turning about in the unwisdom of delusion, self-wise, thinking themselves learned, stray, wandering in the way, deluded, like the blind led by the blind.

Turning about in manifold unwisdom, foolishly thinking, We have done the work! the followers of ritual perceive not because of their desires. Therefore, when their world of reward fails, they fall in misery.

Thinking the merit of burnt offerings is best, they are deluded, not perceiving the other and better way. After they have received their reward in the paradise gained by their works, they return to this, or, perchance, a lower world.

But they who follow after fervour and faith, who in the forest dwell in peace, wise, serving the Eternal, purified from passion, they pass through the door of the Sun, to the Immortal, the Spirit, the imperishable Soul.

We may tell ourselves that we are not likely to offer burnt offerings, or to strew oblations in the flames, or to chant the Vedic hymns. We may also, perhaps, congratulate ourselves that we are not working for their paradise of rewards. Therefore all these things may seem remote and almost meaningless to us.

But we should realize that any act whatever, done in order that we ourselves may gain a reward of relished sensation or flattered vanity, is a burnt offering to a false god. There are more ways than one of making a Vedic sacrifice, and many of them we practise daily. When we make oblations to our desires, when we contrive and work to win flattery from ourselves and others, when we are wrapt in self, we are devotees of the ritual system that is here condemned. Not only the fire on the altar, but also the life-fires within ourselves, all our energies and powers, can be turned to evil self-seeking. Every impulse of sloth, every shirking of effort, is the seeking of a paradise of reward and repose, from which we shall sink miserably to a lower state.

In contrast with those who practise the rites of self-seeking oblations, the closing lines of this passage describe the followers of the higher way. There is a literal and a symbolic meaning. First, the life of disciples, in well guarded seclusion in the forest or among the mountains, inspired by fiery aspiration and faith, dwelling in quietude of heart, seeking wisdom, serving in the purity of life that has seen and turned from the evil of passionate desires. But there is also the deeper and more universal meaning. The word translated "forest" means also wilderness, desert; it is a description of this whole material world, which is a wilderness in comparison with the spiritual world. We are dwelling in the wilderness, and those are the energies which we should exercise, if we would pass from self through the door of the Sun to selflessness. This would seem to be the same symbol as the Gates of Gold.

Discerning the worlds that are won by these works, let him renounce them. The uncreated is not won by works like these. In order that he may gain knowledge of these things, let him approach the Master, with kindling wood in his hands; a Master full of spiritual wisdom, firmly established in the Eternal. To the disciple who has thus drawn near to him, whose turbulent thoughts have been stilled, who has entered into peace, the wise Master teaches that truth whereby he knows the imperishable Spirit, the wisdom of the Eternal in its reality.

The word rendered "renounce" means more than this. It implies a nauseated revulsion and at the same time a completely realized indifference, to be gained as the fruit of revulsion. The commentary attributed to Shankaracharya says that we discern the true nature of the world of self-indulgence as the traveller in the desert discerns the true nature of the lake conjured up by mirage; and, seeing through the glamour, we turn from delusion to seek reality. Then it is possible to find the Master. The disciple brings kindling wood, the power to be enkindled. The Master communicates to him the divine fire of selfless aspiration.

There is this truth:

As from a blazing fire sparks come forth a thousandfold, of like nature to it; so, beloved, from the Everlasting are born manifold beings, and thither also they return.

For divine, without form, is Spirit; He is without and within, unborn; without breath or mind, pure, above the highest imperishable Nature.

From Him are born life-breath and mind and all the powers that perceive and act, the æther, air, fire, the waters, and earth, the bearer of all.

The Fire-god is His head, His eyes are sun and moon; the spaces are His ears; revealed wisdom is His voice; the air is His life-breath, the world is His heart, from His feet comes the earth; for He is the Inmost Soul of all beings.

From Him comes the fire whose fuel is the sun; from the moon-power comes rain, and plants spring up on the earth. Spirit sends forth energy into Nature; through Spirit, many beings come to birth.

From Him come the chants of the Rig Veda, the Sama and Yajur Vedas initiatory rites, all sacrifices, ceremonies, gifts; the circling year also, the sacrificer, the world where the moon shines and the world illumined by the sun.

The effort of the Master here is, to awaken in the disciple the understanding and intuition of the Logos, that primal Life which is manifested in every form of life. These lives appear to come forth; in reality they remain in and of the Logos. Therefore, however dire may be our imprisonment, the Divine Power is there also, in touch with us, ready to help and liberate us, the instant we sincerely desire to be rid of our bonds. We are the kindred sparks that have come forth from the great Light.

Spirit is without form, yet all forms have their origin in Spirit. Spirit is unborn, and yet is the source of all beings that come to birth. Spirit is without personal, limited life-breath or mind; yet all life and all mind derive directly

from Spirit. All things are within this great Life, and the Life is in all things; therefore Spirit is within and without. Nature, the power of manifestation, is everlasting. There is the eternal dual potency in Parabrahm: Spirit and Nature; Subjective and Objective; Noumenal and Phenomenal. But the noumenal, the perceiving consciousness, is always more fundamental than the thing perceived. Spirit is, therefore, higher than Nature.

The Logos is the source at once of all our inner powers, consciousness and perception and will, and of the outer powers and elements which make up the visible worlds. And the Master uses vivid symbols to lead the disciple to recognize the Logos in all the world about him: the celestial fire which gives life to the universe is His head; sun and moon are His eyes; the expanse of space is his power of hearing; the air is His life-breath; the world is His heart. Every sentence and symbol should be pondered over and imaginatively realized, until, like that disciple, we recognize the immanent Spirit in all things, and learn to find His voice in the words of all scriptures. We may understand the world where the moon shines as the astral world; the world illumined by the sun is the spiritual.

From Him also the divinities in their many forms received being, and the seraphs and men and beasts and birds; from Him the forward life and the downward life; from Him rice and barley; from Him, fervour and faith and truth, service of the Eternal and the disciple's rule.

From Him come forth the seven lives; from Him the seven flames and their several fuel; from Him come the seven offerings. Seven are these worlds wherein the seven lives gain their experience, hidden in the secret place, according to seven and seven.

From Him come the oceans and all hills; from Him the rivers flow in their many forms; from Him come all plants, and the fine essence through which the Inner Soul stands in beings.

For that Spirit is all that is: work, fervour, the Eternal, the supreme immortal. He who knows this Spirit hidden in the inner being, he, beloved, unties the knot of the heart.

The Master continues the teaching of the Logos, which is set forth with such simple, vivid beauty, that comment is almost superfluous. Two sentences, perhaps, may be made a little clearer. The fine essence through which the Inner Soul stands in beings appears to be subtile substance from which is woven the vesture of consciousness, first in the natural body, and, after that, the vestures of the psychical and spiritual bodies. Atma, which is without individuality, receives individuality through these vestures. The knot of the heart is egotism, the great delusion of separateness. This sense of separate being is at first the incentive of our life and effort; later, becoming an intolerable burden, it becomes the incentive that drives us toward selflessness, to escape from the haunting obsession of self.

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

STUDENTS' SCRAP BOOK

Music and Consciousness

LAST night, sitting on the veranda in the dark, I listened to a woman singing, a man's voice accompanying hers. They were singing without effort — their voices soft and low — and the songs were those of a past generation, which I suppose would be called sentimental to-day, and old negro melodies from the time of slavery. When they ceased, and the night was silent again, I wondered for the thousandth time what was the nature and the cause of the emotional effect which such singing has upon us, what it is it stirs in us, and whether it be pleasure or pain, or something deeper than either and giving rise to both. If it be pain, and I think there is real pain there, it is pain one seems to crave.

I spoke of this to a friend; but being in such a fog as to my own psychology I could scarcely have hoped to make it clear to another, had not this other been one who often understands me better than I understand myself. Halting as my attempted exposition was, further reflection has not enabled me to better it and I can only repeat it here.

Such music gives; but in giving it makes us feel our lack of what is given. We are made more conscious of the lack than of the gift — more poignantly aware of hunger than of satisfaction. There is other music of which this is not true: martial music, marching songs, or songs of passion, such as the "Bedouin Love-Song," or "The Palms." Not only do they inspire you, they *fill* you, and — I can find no other way to suggest it — they enable you to *fill them*. This is what the simpler, sweeter songs of love and longing never do. They never fill you; and you never are able to fill them, though they drain your heart away.

In my need of an analogy I thought of Tennyson's lines,

> "But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

For it seems to me that in such music we hear the voice, but only to hear it tell us that it is still; and the touch of the hand is never given us, though our whole flesh is made to cry out for it.

To all of which my friend answered: "No, the voice is not still. No, you are not made to hunger for what you have not, but for what you have. It is the nostalgia of the soul you feel; and your home is yours. There the touch of the hand awaits you, with your Father's welcome."

I think my friend was being kind to me, showing me my feeling in its best aspect — that I might hold to it rather than to the worse. But if it be indeed the homesickness of the soul which such music stirs and plays upon, then it should help us to realize how close the soul is to our everyday life, and how it

lives *in* our hearts and minds and flesh, instead of only overshadowing them. For it is no distant overshadowing spirit which feels this poignant hunger, but we ourselves, as we know ourselves, and we feel it in every nerve and atom of our being. Were it not for the self-conscious restraints that civilization has bred in us, I believe that when we hear such singing we should get up and move toward it as automatically as a compass needle swings to the north, or as a moth is drawn to a flame. I would that our souls maintained as true a homing course.

These latter reflections opened up another train of thought. What is it that draws the moth to the flame? Does not our own response to music offer us an entry into the understanding of the conscious life of what we are pleased to call the lower orders of creation? I do not mean the effect that music, audible to us, may have upon them — as when a dog is made to howl by the repetition of a note on the piano, or as when snakes are drawn from their holes by the snake-charmer playing on his pipe. I mean rather that in the richness of the conscious but wordless states which music can evoke in us, we have an analogy to what scent may be to a dog, and to what may be the conscious life of birds and insects and flowers, mountains and the stars. We are too given to thinking that because we do not hear them talk, they do not feel; that because we have not the senses to perceive their means of communication, therefore they do not communicate.

But there is one striking fact which should here give pause to our conceit. In every region where man's inventions have artificially extended the range of his perceptions and sensibilities, he has found that nature has equipped some form of life with an organism inherently sensitive to the differences and stimuli of which he himself has but newly and, as it were, artificially, become aware. The progress of man has extended his own horizon, but nowhere has it extended the horizon of Life. Never has he ushered Life into a new realm. Always Life has been before him. Go where he may, do what he may, learn what he may, he but follows and imitates, and acquires for himself the achievements of other of Life's children.

One of the most notable and suggestive illustrations of this fact — and the one which actually prompted me to put this note upon paper — was given in a newspaper statement which I have not yet had an opportunity to verify. It appears, however, that while two experimenters were working with a specially sensitive wireless telephony apparatus, they found that their instruments were rendering audible sounds which they were at first unable to identify, but which they later proved were the result of etheric vibrations emanating from the antennae of a pair of wandering cockroaches.

If this statement be substantiated, and it be proved that insects communicate with one another by a form of radiant energy, transmitted and received through their antennae as by the artificial antennae of a wireless set, it should be as epoch making in our study of consciousness in the lower kingdoms as was the discovery of radium in our study of physics and chemistry. In the one case as in the other, human consciousness penetrates into a new and deeper

level of life, and deals with subtiler forces of Âkâsa, whose grossest form is the ether and which is itself the basis of sound.

My present thought, however, is not so much concerned with the *truth* of this discovery or hypothesis, as with the *possibility* of its being true. It is its possibility that is so far-reaching in its suggestiveness, and as a stimulant to the imagination. As we respond to music audible to us — to vibrations of the air against the drums of our ears — so may ants and beetles, butterflies and moths, rocks and plants and drops of water, earth and sky and flaming suns, all respond each to their own form of radiant energy, which may be to them as music or as speech is to us. Quite literally the stars may sing together, and hear their song as they sing it. When we cease to limit the sense perception possible to nature by the sense perceptions as yet known to man, we find no reason to set any limits whatsoever; and ceasing to limit sense perception we cease to limit consciousness. It becomes far easier than before to see consciousness everywhere and in everything.

Yet it is really no new thought that other orders of life have other senses, though for the most part, not knowing what they are, science lumps them together and calls them instincts. How does the homing pigeon find its way? Or the migrant birds in their long flights of spring and fall? Or the seal and salmon, that come back each year to the same breeding island or fresh-water stream? How does the vulture find its carrion? It is not by sight or by smell, at least as we know sight and smell. Or again, how is it that a rare moth, if held in captivity, can draw others of its kind, seemingly from a hundred miles away? These phenomena all point to senses other than our own — as science has long recognized. But in thinking of them as instincts, we fail to take account of their implications in the field of consciousness. The depths of the air and the sea, which to our senses seem colourless and silent, may be as full of colour as the rainbow or a pansy bed — vibrant with music and perfume — to the senses of a pigeon or a seal.

It is a question of our senses. I sit at my desk in town and hear only the noises that make city life a torment: the shrill cries from the street, the exploding exhaust of some passing motor, the heavy rumble of a truck or bus, the clank and clang of metal striking metal. Upon my table lies a telephone headset connected to a small black box, from which a hundred feet or so of wire runs through my window to a neighbour's chimney. It is connected with nothing else, save only the earth. There is no battery; no source of power. It adds nothing of itself. It is but a new form of ear, which, placed against my own ear, translates into music or speech and enables me to hear the vibrations of the ether, pulsing all about me, but to which, without it, I am wholly deaf and unconscious.

It is quite true that what I am thus enabled to hear has little attraction for me. The music is not likely to be of the kind of which I have been writing. Most probably it is from a mechanical piano, being played in Newark, N. J. But that is because the instrument is attuned to Newark, N. J. With a different tuning, a different sensitiveness, I might listen to cockroaches — or to

stars. If man and insects can thus fill the ether with sound and speech, cannot the voice of God do the same?

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

B.

"Listening In"

That little black box, with its telephone headset and wire antenna, fascinates me. Practically, I have very little use for it — what I hear when I listen to it does not interest me, but its appeal to my imagination is profound and continuous. It objectivizes a fundamental postulate of the mystic's philosophy — the voice of the silence, the reality of the unseen. Life is never silent, each thing that lives — each thing that *is*, for all that is, lives — is giving utterance to its inmost nature, singing the saga of its ancient history and eternal aspiration, the drama of its soul. It is only we that are deaf — and we need not be deaf.

This summer I was reading extracts from the writings of Sufi mystics, and was struck by the difference between their use and ours of the word *veiled*. If we were to say, "Two people met, but one of them was veiled," — we should infer that the unveiled one was recognized and the veiled one not recognized. Not so, to the Sufi. He, on the contrary, would infer that the veiled one recognized nothing, the unveiled one everything. To the Sufi the veil is over the eyes of the beholder, never over the object. Nothing in life is veiled, no mystery hid, to unveiled eyes.

That is the message which my wireless telephone set brings me every time I look at it. It holds my thought, for its significance is immeasurable. While I sit and write, while I move and speak, all about me, through me, pulse voices that I do not hear — voices divine and demoniacal, human and animal, flower voices and rock voices, whispering, shouting, singing, from distant suns and from the atoms of my flesh and the substance of my spirit, — each its secret to me. I am deaf only because I have not attuned my senses to them, but have chosen and learned to listen, instead, to these commonplace sounds I hear.

As I reflect on this, the whole theory of knowledge, and the greater part of the art of life, seem symbolized in the process of turning, this way and that, the two dials that project from the face of this wireless box, and by means of which it is attuned. Turn them to one position, and it is the piano in Newark which we hear. Turn them to another, and it is a ship at sea. To yet another, and it is from we know not where.

The other day one of my friends, who had a wireless apparatus he had not set up, thought he would see what would happen if he ran a wire to the iron railing of the balcony outside his window. He did so, and picked up the receiver to hear, clear and resonant, "The Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the Blessing of God Almighty, the

Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen." There it was, pulsing in the ether, unheard, unsuspected, the ancient blessing of the church of which he was a member, spoken and broadcasted from he knew not where, but reaching to him, vibrant in his room, though he heard it only through the accident of the instrument's chance attunement.

We cannot count upon the results of chance attunement being always so happy, and clearly it is folly to leave to chance a matter of such moment as the attuning of our senses. Yet it is a matter which seems to receive very little serious attention. We come home, let us say, from our daily work, and seat ourselves, rather wearily, to rest. A thousand voices rise within our minds, tentatively offering themselves for our attention. There are the voices of fatigue, telling us that we are tired, have worked hard and painfully. To listen to them is to attune our minds to them (all listening is an attuning), and as we do this the voices grow clearer, more persuasive and compelling. Soon we are convinced we are very tired. Self-pity is evoked, and, if we keep on listening, we find it is all that we can do to drag our "exhausted" body from that chair and proceed with what we have to do. There are other voices, or beginnings, suggestions of voices, in infinite variety. We can listen to which of them we will — voices of gratitude or complaint, of desire or of duty, of happiness or sorrow, of others or of self, of hope or fear. Whichever one we listen to grows clearer and stronger as we listen; for it is to it that, consciously or unconsciously, we are attuning ourselves. The effect of this does not stop when we stop consciously listening. Our minds retain the same pitch and sensitiveness, so that, though thereafter we pass through widely diverse experiences, we select from them only that element to which we are attuned. In this way days that should be happy are made sad and joyless, or, on the other hand, we are upborne through difficulties and trial and find only cheer and brightness. It is all a matter of how we tune our minds.

This is the reason of the importance of meditation. Our unpurposed meditations owe their character to the habitual or chance tuning of our inner senses. Our purposed meditations are our purposed tunings of our mind and heart and will.

I spoke of this the other day, and a friend commented that it was clear my telephone set was the crude kind that depended for its action upon what is called the crystal detector, and whose range is very limited. The better and more powerful sets are based upon a different principle, and owe their sensitiveness to the passage of an electric current through a tube of highly rarified gas. For this, power is needed — which is furnished by an electric battery or dynamo, and this causes the tube to glow. My friend pointed out that this gives us a much better and truer analogy to the development of the inner spiritual senses of the occultist or mystic. Meditation alone is not sufficient. It can attune the nature, but only to messages emanating from near at hand, and only over a comparatively narrow range of frequency and wave length. To hear the voices of the spirit, — in contradistinction to their reflection, dis-

torted or undistorted, in the psychic world, — one must do more than meditate. We must purify our natures, as the gas in the tube is rarified; and through this purified nature there must be a ceaseless current of power, of aspiration and endeavour, which makes the whole inner being luminous, as the tube is made to glow.

I like this addition, and my own analogy very badly needed it. For it would be quite false to set forth the inner life as a mere matter of attunement, particularly if the process of attuning be considered a passive one. This may produce mediums and psychics, but it can never give rise to mystics or occultists. We must kindle the fires of our energies, make ourselves batteries and dynamos, as well as purify ourselves, before we can follow in the footsteps of the Masters. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm.

B.

"Miracles" and Natural Law

Some years ago I heard a certain surgeon proclaiming loudly his disbelief in the "miracles" of the Gospels on the ground that in this scientific age it was impossible for any intelligent man to believe in occurrences "contrary to natural law." On being asked to what natural law the reported miracles were contrary, he looked surprised, hesitated, and changed the subject. So far as my own beliefs go, he might have produced a dozen to which they were contrary and it would not have affected in the slightest my conviction that they actually took place as recorded. Not that I believe that anything at all ever happens anywhere contrary to law. A very little study of Theosophy saves one from that violence to one's reason. But for a given occurrence to be contrary to law, and for it to be contrary to some one of the few natural laws that we know, are two very different stories. That a strong force overcomes a weak one and a great law a lesser one, are matters of everyday experience. A thing may be quite impossible for one type of force and entirely easy and possible for a higher type. We may even be able to prove scientifically and conclusively that a given thing can never happen, and then be chagrined by seeing it occur under our eyes.

For instance, one familiar with the laws governing ordinary sound waves could no doubt work out a relation between the distance the sound travels and the initial disturbance of the atmosphere (or is it the ether?) which gave rise to the sound. To increase the distance the sound could be heard from, let us say, fifty to one hundred and fifty, we should have to increase the force of the disturbance, with corresponding increase in the number of broken panes of glass, etc., resulting therefrom. It ought to be easy to prove that to make a sound in Paris that would be audible in New York, would at the very least result in breaking every pane of glass in Paris, if it did not shake down every house. All of this must be capable of scientific and mathematical demonstration; yet we all know that to-day one can send a sound from Paris audible not

only in New York but in Honolulu, and no one in Paris even hears it. It is impossible according to the laws of ordinary sound, but is rapidly becoming a commonplace through the employment of a higher type of force, namely, that used in Radio. Nothing happens that is contrary to law. A result is obtained that appears contrary to it until we understand the existence of the higher force. Then it becomes apparent that the "miracle" was merely an obedience to a higher law.

M.

Commonplace Duties

During the war we were told that duties done with the intention of helping did help, no matter how unconnected with the war these duties might seem. Any duty could be done with the motive of aiding the Masters' cause, and when performed by one who clearly understood that the war was in fact between the White Lodge and the Black, the simplest act carried out in that spirit might make available a force more potent for good than an army corps. Most of us who heard that statement accepted it as true, and tried in a feeble way to act on it, but what an incalculable difference it would have made had we really believed it with all our hearts! We knew what the war was about and whose cause it really was, and longed to take part in it. If we had believed as we believe that the sun will rise to-morrow, that we could be more potent than an army corps, with what fire and spirit we should have hurled ourselves at our daily duties. Yet hard as it is for the materialistic western mind to grasp, in a part of ourselves we know that it was and is true. Science has demonstrated that the finer the medium through which it acts, the more powerful the force. Hence the forces of the intellectual plane must be more potent than those of the material — else how did man attain his mastery over natural forces? — and those of the spiritual plane more potent than those of the intellectual. It is, accordingly, easy to see that an act performed with the selfless motive to aid the Masters' cause, involves three types of force of ascending degrees of potency, the physical forces needed in the act, the force of the thought that preceded the act, and the spiritual force of the motive that caused it. The act brings the three forces to incarnation on this plane. It is on this plane that the Masters need force. On the plane of the spirit the force at their command is limitless, but, to make it available on lower planes, it must be drawn down by men who dwell there. It cannot be forced down without harmful reactions. Spiritual force is causal, and with control of causes, control of effects becomes simple. If one wishes to disseminate information, for instance, a printing press is worth more than many copies of a proclamation.

How Masters use the force when once drawn down must, of course, remain a mystery to us, yet perhaps we can get a little light on this, as on so many other things, from analogy. All we need is light enough to convince our doubting minds of the fact that they do so use it, to drive us to put the full power of our hearts into making force available for their use. Very little, if applied at the

right time and in the right way, may produce great results. A thought, once launched, is an entity with a body and life of its own, and is capable of acting directly on other minds. The ideas promulgated at meetings of The Theosophical Society and in the QUARTERLY are heard or read by very few, and yet no one who has watched can fail to be struck by the great effect which, after the lapse of a little time, these ideas have on the thought of the world. Instance after instance could be given. There is no use in speculating how it is done except, as said above, to the extent of convincing our rigid minds that it can be and is done. In that connection, two analogies have occurred to me. First, it is only necessary to set an idea in type once, in order to print and distribute an almost limitless number of copies. In the same way, when expression has once been given to a truth, it is not difficult to imagine its being impressed on any number of minds.

It is harder to grasp the fact that spiritual force put, let us say, into doing household duties to the best of one's ability, with the intention of helping the Masters' cause, can be used by them in widely different fields of their work. I suspect that it would be much easier to understand if we had a more thorough knowledge of electricity, the laws of which have been said to correspond in many respects to certain phenomena of the spiritual world. Fifty years ago, we could not have imagined a boat which, without captain or crew or any connection with the shore, would respond instantly and accurately to the will of an operator more than a mile away, yet during the war such a boat was built and successfully steered by wireless with no one on board, through the crowded shipping of Gloucester harbour. No doubt the wireless on board had to be attuned to the wireless on shore. It may well be that in the same way the "intention" of helping the Masters is what attunes to their will the force that our action has put in motion in the world, and that makes it possible for them to use it as and where they wish. However, it is not the explanation but the fact that is of supreme importance to us. Really to believe it would transform the dullest life. I venture to say that no man was ever bored by repeatedly firing the same machine gun in battle. The reason why we find our duties a dreary grind is because we have not glimpsed the immense potency for good of even the most commonplace when performed in the right spirit.

M.

MAGNETISM AND GRAVITATION

Students of Theosophy will be interested in an address delivered by Professor T. J. J. See, Government Astronomer at Mare Island, before the California Academy of Sciences, on November 26th, 1922. As reported in *The New York Times*, Professor See announced that he had discovered the cause of magnetism and of universal gravitation.

According to the newspaper report, Professor See declares that the cause of magnetism lies in the action of waves considerably longer than those of light and heat, and, he asserts, there is a connection between magnetism and uni-

versal gravitation which definitely proves that gravitation is also due to similar waves in the ether, travelling across the heavenly spaces with the velocity of light.

The report indicates that Professor See has followed and extended the experimental demonstrations of Faraday and his pupil, Clerk Maxwell, who believed that magnetic inductive action might be conveyed along the curved lines of force which surround a magnet, but who were unable to prove this as a fact. Professor See is now able to prove, by mathematics and also experimentally, that the belief of Faraday and Maxwell was well founded, for he shows that these curved lines of magnetic force are really vortical filaments in the ether, and thus serve as rotation axes for the whole body of waves proceeding from a magnet. The lines of force, being vortices in the ether, naturally tend to shorten themselves as much as possible, as was observed experimentally by Faraday and Maxwell. It was upon the basis of Maxwell's researches, that this wave theory was first built up to explain the phenomena of magnetism. It also seemed to reconcile Ampère's ideas of the elementary electric currents which must circulate about each atom of matter.

Students familiar with the writings of H. P. Blavatsky will not be surprised to find that the present discovery (?) that the forces of magnetism and gravitation are very near of kin, was not made by a specialist who had closed his eyes to everything in the universe except his own tiny section of a single subject; on the contrary, the report shows that Professor See had been following, correcting, and extending the researches of men so apparently divergent, if not contradictory, in field and in method, as Faraday and Humboldt. Forty years' study of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and eight years spent on the *Mathematical Theory of the Magnetism of the Earth*, by Gauss, the pupil of Humboldt, were essential, the astronomer says, to his discovery.

At the North magnetic pole, near Hudson's Bay, the dipping needle is pulled vertically downward by a force which has, at that point, one one-millionth of the pull of gravity. At the South magnetic pole, in King George's Land, the downward pull is also just one one-millionth of the gravitational force; while at the magnetic equator in Peru, the needle is pulled equally at both ends, and the total magnetic force is precisely one two-millionth of the pull of gravitation.

Proceeding mathematically, Professor See shows that his conclusions indicate a new equation connecting magnetism and universal gravitation. His conclusions were reported to be as follows:

1. That magnetism is due to waves in the ether, the rotary motion of the ether particles being about the lines of force, which is confirmed by Faraday's celebrated experiment, in 1845, on the magnetic rotation of a beam of polarized light.

2. As magnetism is connected with gravitation, by See's mathematical law of 1922, it follows that gravitation also is due to waves like those of magnetism.

Turning from the newspaper account of Professor See's announcement, to some older material contributed to this field of research, we find H. P. Blavatsky writing in 1888, in *The Secret Doctrine*, as follows:

"Light, heat, electricity and so on are affections, not properties or qualities of matter" (Ed. '93, Vol. 1, p. 536). "Thus, supposing attraction or gravitation should be given up in favour of the Sun being a huge magnet — a theory already accepted by some physicists — a magnet that acts on the planets as attraction is now supposed to do, whereto, or how much farther, would it lead the astronomers from where they are now? Not an inch farther. Kepler came to this 'curious hypothesis' nearly 300 years ago. He had not discovered the theory of attraction and repulsion in Kosmos, for it was known from the days of Empedocles. . . . That such magnetism exists in Nature is as certain as that gravitation does not; not at any rate, in the way in which it is taught by Science, which has never taken into consideration the different modes in which the dual Force, that Occultism calls attraction and repulsion, may act within our Solar System, the Earth's atmosphere and beyond in the Kosmos" (Vol. 1, p. 540). On page 639, Sir William Crookes is cited in support of "substance of *negative weight*," and also Sir George Airy, who says, in *Faraday's Life and Letters*, "I can easily conceive that there are plenty of bodies not subject to this intermutual action, and therefore not subject to the law of gravitation."

"Attraction alone will never fill all the gaps, unless a special impulse is admitted for every sidereal body, and the rotation of every planet with its satellites is shown to be due to some one cause combined with attraction. . . . If ever this theory of the Sun-Force being the primal cause of all life on earth, and of all motion in heaven, is accepted, and if that other far bolder theory of Herschell, about certain organisms in the Sun, is accepted even as a provisional hypothesis, then will our teachings be vindicated, and Esoteric allegory will be shown to have anticipated Modern Science by millions of years, probably, for such are the Archaic Teachings" (Vol. 1, p. 577).

"The Sun is the storehouse of Vital Force, which is the Noumenon of Electricity; and it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth" (Vol. 1, p. 579). "The Occultists are taken to task for calling the Cause of light, heat, sound, cohesion, magnetism, etc., etc., a Substance. . (Note) . . . The Substance of the Occultist, however, is to the most refined Substance of the Physicist, what Radiant Matter is to the leather of the Chemist's boots. . . . It (Science) merely traces the sequence of phenomena on a plane of effects, illusory projections from the region that Occultism has long since penetrated. And the latter maintains that those etheric tremors are not set up, as asserted by Science, by the vibrations of the molecules of known bodies, the Matter of our terrestrial objective consciousness, but that we must seek for the ultimate Causes of light, heat, etc., in Matter existing in supersensuous states — states, however, as fully objective to the spiritual eye of man, as a horse or a tree is to the ordinary mortal. Light and heat are the ghost or shadow of Matter in motion" (Vol. 1, pp. 560, 561).

"With the Esotericists from the remotest times, the Universal Soul or Anima

Mundi, the material reflection of the Immaterial Ideal, was the Source of Life of all beings and of the Life-Principle of the three kingdoms. This was *septenary* with the Hermetic Philosophers, as with all Ancients. For it is represented as a sevenfold cross, whose branches are, respectively, *light*, *heat*, *electricity*, *terrestrial magnetism*, *astral radiation*, *motion*, and *intelligence*, or what some call self-consciousness" (Vol. II, p. 593).

A.

The Turning-points of William Law

In the ordinary sense, it would be a travesty of expression to speak of the turning-point in a life which went straight to its mark as an arrow from the bowstring. But any man who has steered a ship by compass, or who has tried to reach through the shifting currents of life to a far goal, knows that many turnings must be made if the course is to be held true.

This Englishman, William Law, born in 1686, kept a true course all his life long. He seems to have come into incarnation with the single intent and purpose to establish a new religious Order, — or, perhaps, to externalize a very old one, who can say? He drew men, convinced them, inspired them, and then they went away. At the end of a life whose singleness of purpose and devotion would rank him among the great ones of history, there was no Order founded. The only permanent following he had gained was one maiden lady, and one rather sentimental widow, neither of whom seems to have understood very much except the lofty character of the teacher. By every outer standard, the man had failed in his objective, and yet, the *Catholic Encyclopedia* says of this protestant clergyman: "William Law — the father of the religious revival of the eighteenth century, — in his *Serious Call* sets up a standard of perfection little short of Catholic monasticism."

His was the day of heavy argumentation on all matters of doctrine and of dogma. This arena of high debate had drawn to itself too much of the religious interest and attention of the Anglican church. From the time of Law's first challenge to the logic of the Bishop of Bangor, he had proved himself a lusty champion of right reason and high principle. What man of that period was more skilled than he in building solid argument on argument, until the adversary was walled in or crushed by the formidable structure erected about him?

At the height of his achievement and renown as a controversialist, Law turned to follow the star of his life. "This I can say from my own Experience, who have been twenty years in this Dust of Debate; and have always found that the more Books there were written in *this Way* of defending the Gospel, the more I was furnished with new Objections to it."

But there was a subtler temptation in store for him. During the period when Law was residing with the family of Gibbon the historian, he became acquainted with the teachings of Jacob Boehme, the Bohemian mystic, which seem to have thrown back for him the very doors of the spiritual world. In a letter to a friend, Law writes, "Next to the Scriptures, my only book is the

illuminated Behmen. And him I only follow so far as he helps to open in me that which God had opened in him, concerning the death and the life of the fallen and redeemed man. The whole Kingdom of Grace and Nature was opened in him, and the whole Kingdom of Grace and Nature lies hid in myself. And, therefore, in reading of him, I am always at home and kept close to the Kingdom of God that is within me."

In the second dialogue of *The Way to Divine Knowledge*, there is a masterly exposition of the facts which must forever render human reason incapable of penetrating the Mysteries. Law's own understanding of Boehme's philosophy was as great as his enthusiasm for sharing it with others, and yet, at last, we find him saying, "But now I go back to that which I first spoke of; and though I give up all that I said of putting out Jacob Behmen in new Language, with Comments, &c., yet I must still desire, that, some way or other, he may be made more plain and intelligible."

Neither reason nor mysticism could avail to lead this man away; he did not serve them, but turned them both to the greater service of his Lord.

S. T. R.

The man who, with Marcus Aurelius, can truly say, "O Universe, I wish all that thou wishest," has a self from which every trace of negativeness and obstructiveness has been removed; no wind can blow except to fill its sails. — WILLIAM JAMES.

It is not unthinkable space that separates Heaven and earth, but the condition of a man's own heart. — JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA.

There are secrets which can never be told, and mutual exchanges of love which can only be found in the Cross. — MGR. GAY.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student was the last to arrive. "How far have you gone with the Historian's propositions?" he asked.

"We have been waiting for you," the Recorder answered. "But don't imagine that anyone remembers what they were: not even the Objector remembers what they were. Millions of things have happened since anyone read the October 'Screen of Time.' "

"You are mistaken," said the Objector. "Like Clemenceau with President Wilson's Fourteen Points, I did my best: for two weeks after you adjourned our last meeting, every morning as I woke I repeated aloud, — 'I believe in the Historian's Four Propositions.' I found at the end of the fortnight that I had forgotten what they were, but I believed in them thoroughly; and this morning, to renew my faith, I read them over again."

"Do you believe in them now?"

"Of course not," he replied.

We laughed. "I want to add a fifth," the Historian interjected. "It is this: just as surely as we have a motive for every word we utter and for every movement we make — though most people go through life without any knowledge of their motives — so when it comes to our 'blind spots,' we can and should trace them to some hidden desire to be blind, realizing that whenever we fail to see something intellectually which is obvious to other people, the explanation is that we don't want to see it."

"Illustrate, illustrate!" exclaimed the Objector.

"Let me explain first that my fifth proposition is merely an effort to remove a misunderstanding which exists in the minds of some students who have taken their Theosophy from books without thinking it out for themselves. They have misunderstood Karma. They have accepted the doctrine that intellectual blindness is the result of past wrong-doing, of past sin; but while they may try in a general way to overcome their weaknesses and faults, believing that by so doing they will remove, incidentally, some of the scales from their intellectual perception, they fail to realize that if the intellectual blindness persists, the cause of the blindness necessarily must still be operative, even though the outer expressions of the sin have been conquered completely. Take, for instance, an employer, who may have conquered laziness in many forms, but whose opinion of an employee may be neutral when it ought to be positive and condemnatory, — the employer telling himself that he is being fair-minded, while actually he wants to keep the man simply because in some directions the employee is able to save him trouble."

"Why shouldn't the employer keep a man, simply to save himself trouble?" our Visitor asked. "From one standpoint, employees might be regarded as time- and labour-saving devices, engaged on the theory that the employer's time and labour, thus saved, can be used more productively in other directions."

"Even from that standpoint," the Historian replied, "you will grant me, I believe, that a man should do what he does with his eyes open and not with his eyes closed. If an employer is influenced, unconsciously, by his dislike of change and trouble, to such a degree that he remains blind to really serious faults in an employee — blind, perhaps, to fundamental disloyalty — he may involve himself in most serious difficulties, and may involve others too."

"I see your point and think it valid," our Visitor commented. "But how escape from that kind of blindness? What can one do about it?"

"The best thing to do about it that I know," the Historian answered, "is to watch for blind spots as our daily experience reveals them to us, and as our more candid friends force them on our attention, and then to insist, in our self-examination, that there must be a cause for such blindness, fundamental and general, such as selfishness, but also an immediate, though unperceived cause, in terms of personal desire. Thus: if I did not see, it was because I did not want to see. Why did I not want to see?"

It had been obvious that the Philosopher had something very much on his mind, and he now produced it, prefacing his remarks by saying that he had no wish to change the subject, but he was tired of the rattle in his own head and wanted to work it off on us.

"Mine is not a proposition, but a dogma," he said. "I am convinced it is one of the most essential of all dogmas if a man seriously desires to serve the Lodge and to become a disciple. It is, that we must resolutely and persistently train ourselves, every day and all day, to grasp everything that happens, everything that is said to us, and particularly the things which the average person stigmatizes as misfortunes, as disappointments, as 'blows,' — to grasp these things as God-given means to victory. Our reaction must be made instantaneous. We must not collapse first and pull ourselves together afterwards. The few seconds or minutes of collapse will in many cases prove ruinous. We must make our attitude toward life so positive; we must have such implicit trust in the beneficence of fate, that we shall see and seize our opportunity, as a man, fighting with bare fists, throws himself at a sword held out to him by the hilt, — a weapon for his use.

"What most of us do is to see, not the hilt, but the point of the sword, and to imagine that the point is turned against us; is intended by fate to pierce us. Then, if we don't yell (inside, I mean), we adopt an attitude of 'Christian resignation,' and picture ourselves to ourselves — and to others if we can find spectators — as victims and martyrs."

"You are not going to deprive me of my martyr's crown," the Lawyer interrupted, "I won't have it."

The Philosopher ignored him. "I admit it will need ceaseless practice, and that we have the habit of a life-time to overcome. Our habitual reaction is hopelessly negative, even if we do not actively cultivate our miseries."

"But we ought to cultivate our miseries," the Lawyer protested. "Your philosophy is all wrong. You are asking us to function at one pole only. You would deprive us of all contrast! How do you expect us to enjoy our own

cheerfulness except as a change from the poignancy, the pathos of our distress? Those of us, for instance, who live in New York, — surely it is our duty to find and to cultivate some compensation, and what compensation can there be except that delightful sense of misery which the thought of quietness — of heaven or the Swiss Alps — may be trusted at any time to arouse? Give me five minutes of calm reflection, and I can become so sorry for myself that a stone would weep with sympathy!"

"Somebody, some day, will take you seriously," said the Philosopher.

"Don't be cynical," the Lawyer countered. "You lack faith. Yet" — musingly — "I have heard you discourse eloquently about the powers latent in man."

"Leave him alone," interjected the Student, addressing the Philosopher. "He's hopeless. Go on with your subject."

"No more to say," replied the Philosopher, "unless it be that the trick, as I see it, lies in getting ahead of the psychic reversal. A sword is presented to us, hilt toward us. Our psychic nature — our imagination arousing fear — reverses the truth, and we see the sword descending upon us, point toward us. In this respect, also, 'it is never too late to mend'; but if our response were instantaneous and we were able at once to seize the hilt, as the high gods hope we shall, for the slaying of our enemies both seen and unseen, — we should not only escape repeated and wasteful nervous shock, but our usefulness, as instruments, would be increased a thousand-fold."

"I can see clearly," the Student commented, "that the public speaker, who meets interruption as an opportunity, is in a much stronger position than the speaker who dreads it, and that in debate particularly the man who scores is the man who is never on the defensive, but, instead, uses every statement by his adversary as a weapon against him."

"After all," added the Engineer, "life is war, and we know how to rank a general whose attitude is negative, and who fails to see in every move of his enemy, a means to his own ends."

"The Philosopher's fling at 'Christian resignation,' as ordinarily understood, was not unwarranted I fear; but, in fairness to orthodox Christianity, it should be remembered that consistent thanksgiving would bear the same fruit, both psychologically and practically, as the method just now suggested. If men were in fact to give 'thanks always for all things,' as I suspect Paul himself gave thanks, they would attain the Philosopher's goal without more ado."

This was from the Architect. But the Student would have none of it. "Useless," he said, "because what they do is to groan thanks to God for the sharpness of the sword's point, as they feel it sticking into them, and to do that, as I see it, is the acme of what the Philosopher described as 'Christian resignation.' "

"Come now," pleaded the Architect, "there is another side to it. You remember *The Sermon in the Hospital*, by Mrs. Hamilton King:

> "Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
> Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

. . . . .

Who crowns himself a king is not the more
Royal; nor he who mars himself with stripes
The more partaker of the Cross of Christ.
But if Himself He come to thee, and stand
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
That smile, and suffer; that will smite thy heart,
With their own pity, to a passionate peace;
And reach to thee Himself the Holy Cup,
(With all its wreathen stems of passion-flowers
And quivering sparkles of the ruby stars),
Pallid and royal, saying, 'Drink with Me';
Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for Paradise!"

"But that is not 'resignation,' " protested the Student; "what you have read transcends even thanksgiving, and suggests rather an ecstasy of love, of self-giving, of union."

"Call it what you choose," the Architect replied. "It is Christian none the less, — essentially Christian, because no other religion, so far as I know, has produced it.

"Take 'The Lepers' Hymn,' which the Chapel has printed as a leaflet: it seems to me to express an attitude toward pain which is just as positive as that suggested by the Philosopher, and which has the advantage of springing from and returning to the love and worship of One who is outside of, and who is infinitely greater than self."

"Pardon me," said the Philosopher, "but my 'dogma,' as I called it, was based upon discipleship, and upon the supposition, therefore, that the motive throughout would be devotion to the cause of the Masters and an intense desire to serve them. Right self-identification, and a right attitude toward the events of life, would be means to that end. If the motive were love of self instead of love of the Masters, the result would be to turn white magic into black; in other words, it would lead, ultimately, to self-destruction. The question of motive is paramount."

"I agree with you," the Architect rejoined; "and that is one reason why I think the method of acceptance, though it often degenerates into negative resignation, is safer than the more aggressive procedure which you outlined."

"Safer, perhaps; but less efficacious, less positive, not so creative. Your way would lead to Heaven, even on earth; but the disciple does not seek Heaven: he seeks service, and is prepared to risk his neck, and, if necessary, more than his neck, in order to make himself a fighter in the army of the Lodge."

"What is the hymn you are talking about, — the 'Lepers' Hymn,' I think you called it?" inquired our Visitor.

"It was written for the lepers in the hospital of 'The Resurrection of Hope,' at Kumamoto, Japan"; and the Architect proceeded to read:

All through the day this thought has been the dearest:
That Thy belovéd Hand is laid on me;
That Thou of all hast deigned to come the nearest
And marked me with the sign of Calvary.

. . . . . .

Thou givest joy so deep to those in sadness,
That though Thy piercéd Hand may be downprest,
There is within a hidden well of gladness,
For which I thank Thee, knowing I am blessed!

"Sublime comfort," said the Philosopher; "and I love and revere it because it is sublime — because it finds joy, and finds it sublimely, in the midst of, and because of, disaster. But the objective, as it were, of that hymn, is comfort, is joy, — not service. It confirms my thesis.

"We must not forget that these shades of difference, though most people would regard them as trivial, become of greater and greater importance as discipleship is approached. We are dealing with very subtile forces. Many a man is held back because he clings to an old formula, which may have served him admirably until yesterday, but which should be replaced to-day by another, of slightly different direction. This difference, though slight, may make all the difference in terms of spiritual progress.

"There is an analogy in wireless telephony, which also deals with subtile forces. All books on the subject emphasize the importance of the antenna or aerial — its length, direction, insulation and so forth. These books say very little about the 'ground' wire, except that it should be connected firmly with a water-pipe or radiator. Experience shows, however, that the length, direction, and weight of this 'ground' wire — a yard in length, this way or that — has an immense influence on the result, and on your ability to 'tune in' with what is desirable, and to exclude what is undesirable. It is clear to me that a very small change in the wording of an ejaculatory prayer — a mantram — may make an immense difference, spiritually, to those who use it."

"Both of you will agree, I suspect," the Ancient interposed, "that self-pity is the evil which at all costs ought to be conquered. If the 'Lepers' Hymn' were to accomplish nothing else, it should make self-pity impossible, — supposing, of course, that the hymn were understood. Self-pity seems to me to be the most demoralizing of all sins: the weakest and therefore the most weakening."

"Incidentally, the most common," added the Engineer. "Very few people see it as a sin. Most people treat it as a luxury. Grown men will 'lie awake all night' for the satisfaction of pitying themselves for their sleeplessness, — not deliberately, of course, but as subterranean motive. If, to this, they can add the joy of complaining about it to their wives, their gratification is certain to be increased, because either the wife will be sympathetic, in which case the self-pity is fed directly by her, or she will be unsympathetic, in which case the self-pity will be fed by a brand new grievance. . . . We humans are strange beasts! I believe lots of men die for the hope of being able to pity themselves some more on the other side of the grave."

"Next to vanity, self-pity seems to me the most persistent of all our follies," the Ancient continued; "but I believe, of the two, it is by far the easier to deal with."

"Why and how?" asked our Visitor.

"Easier to deal with, because less elusive. Vanity is so abominably subtle. It crops out on every plane, as long as 'the great heresy of separateness' lingers, — and I fear that means until man becomes a Mahatma. Self-pity, on the other hand, talks aloud, and can in any case be dealt with — to some extent can be starved — by obedience to simple rules."

"Such as?" our Visitor questioned.

"A very old one: never complain to anyone about anything, — as a beginning."

"I am sorry, but I don't see the connection."

"Why do we complain? Either we want pity, or we want people to think that we are playing in hard luck and are heroic because we still 'keep going' (as if we could do otherwise!), or we want to excuse ourselves for some failure or weakness by complaining about circumstances or opposition or the general cussedness of fate.

"Complaining to other people, however, is innocuous in comparison with complaints to ourselves or to God — the sort of perpetual hard-luck story which so many people tell themselves mentally, seeing themselves as the victims of this or that, of ill-health, of misunderstanding, of unappreciative friends, of bad heredity, of poverty and so forth. Such thoughts come straight from hell, and should be dismissed accordingly. They spring from self-pity and they breed self-pity. The man who harbours them becomes a very slough of despond. Further, by keeping our attention on pain or difficulty, we give that much more life to pain or difficulty."

"There you have hit it!" exclaimed the Student. "If we permit ourselves everlastingly to feel our feelings, to watch our symptoms, whether physical or emotional, — we not only accentuate and prolong what already exists, but become in time no better than a bundle of feelings and a collection of symptoms. All of us must have met people who pass their lives, feeling their feelings; and we know the sort of people they are and what they degenerate into. 'Bother your feelings!' is a first-rate mantram for anyone to use against himself when he wakes up sufficiently to wish to escape such a destiny."

"It is a good mantram," the Ancient commented; "but we must be careful not to use it against others. There is danger always that we adopt the same attitude toward others that we adopt toward ourselves."

"On the other hand," the Student retorted, "I have come to dread sympathy. Someone, with most kindly intention, says to me — 'How tired you must be!' and at once I look at my feelings to find out if I am tired. That which I had not noticed, probably at once becomes noticeable, and, in addition, I begin to feel sorry for myself because I cannot lie down to recover!"

"On the principle of doing unto others as you would be done by," our Visitor commented, "would it not follow that we should never express sympathy, and

would that not turn the world into a very cold and heartless place — worse than it is already?"

"I recognize the problem, and I don't pretend to have solved it," the Student answered. "If we turn to the recorded practice of Christ and of Buddha, we shall not find, I believe, a single instance of what we call sympathy expressed by either of them. We know that their sympathy must have been infinitely greater than ours; that they 'suffered with others,' for love of others, as we do not begin to suffer. Yet the fact remains, so far as I am aware, that not once did either of them say such things as we constantly say to our friends, — 'You have my utmost sympathy,' 'I am so sorry you should have had such an unpleasant experience,' 'It is too bad' (after we have listened to some recital), 'Poor man, you certainly have had a hard time' — any of the innumerable phrases which we use in all sincerity to express what we can of fellow-feeling."

"But St. Paul said: 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' "

"True; and for the Jewish converts in Rome, such teaching doubtless was essential, just as it was essential to tell them not to curse those who persecuted them. The Jews were adepts at cursing! I am not sure, however, that we should draw a universal rule from Paul's advice. Would it not be fair to say that his rule in substance means only that we should take people as we find them, and should act accordingly?"

"Ah, the tiredness that has come over your soul, friend of mine and friend of my Friend! You have lived too long in this city of steel. You need the little islands and the quiet seas; you need rest and the dream of dreams and the great wonder; you need once more to see the Heart he has given you, in old lands where the earth is full of men's prayers; where the hills and valleys praise him, and where his benediction broods, visibly, for love of the love that age upon age has yielded him."

The Gael had arrived late. He could have heard only the last part of the Student's argument. But the Student is devoted to the Gael, and evidently had no desire to defend himself. "Tell me," he said.

"There is nothing to tell. Does *he* not *ask* for sympathy? Does he not pour it forth? You know! Have you not seen him take some broken heart into his, and heal it, with love beyond the telling, with pity unutterable and overwhelming? That he says very little, I grant you. But what of that! I have seen a mother at the bedside of her fever-stricken child, listening in agony to its delirium. Does *she* say much? Can you measure her sympathy by her words? Does she not suffer far more than her little one, because of her love, because of her compassion, and because her child is more than self, is more than life to her? Compassion, sympathy, are the very cause of *his* being. Why else did he incarnate? 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' For what else does he live to-day?

"That men misuse his gifts, whether received direct from him or carried to them by the hearts of others, — is what we know, and, alas, is what all of us

are inclined to do! We do not think, perhaps, of what he suffers when misuse compels him to withhold."

"What did you mean by saying that Christ asks for sympathy?" our Visitor interjected.

"Perhaps you have not read the story of his self-revealing, through the centuries following his Passion. He has bared his heart that all men might hear and see its need. To one after another of his disciples he has done this, that they might speak of it to others and make him known at last. But all that he has revealed was foreseen, was forefelt, in visions familiar to every one of us: 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!' "

"What is the solution?" asked the Student.

"If it were only for our own salvation, we must give all the sympathy we possess, and pray ceaselessly for more, to give, to give endlessly, as *he* does. But in certain cases, where we have a special tie, a special responsibility, we must use exactly the same discrimination that a mother uses in her nursery. If her child falls and cries too easily, her sympathy goes out to the soul of her child even more than to its body, and she withholds comfort to give strength instead. But even if her words are sharp, as sometimes they need to be, the motive which inspires them is love; is the compassion which sees, and which gives all it has in answer. As a rule, however, we have no such relation with the people who, in scriptural language, are our 'neighbours.' It is their responsibility, not ours, if they misuse our sympathy."

"Even supposing it were possible to frame a rule, I doubt very much whether the same rule could be applied to men and women alike. What is poison for a man may be balm, and much needed balm, for a woman." It was the Philosopher who spoke.

"Rank heresy!" exclaimed the Lawyer. "Have they not been made equals by Act of Congress?"

"Perhaps—" suggested the Philosopher, mildly, "perhaps two things can be equal without being alike. One hundred cents equal a dollar, but no one would treat or use one hundred cent pieces as he would treat or use a dollar bill. They are not intended for the same purposes."

"Miserable side-stepper!" the Lawyer protested.

"A man, to be a man, should not look for or permit himself to desire sympathy. A woman, on the other hand, would lose much of her femininity, and therefore much of her charm, if she did not desire the sympathy of those she loves."

"Charm!" expostulated the Lawyer. "Charm! I thought we were discussing principles of conduct; I thought we were discussing discipleship! What has that to do with a woman's 'charm'! "

"Everything." It was the Gael who answered him.

T.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

May 2nd, 1909.

DEAR ———

I was very glad to receive your letter, and I must apologize for not having replied to it sooner, but the extra work which the Convention and other matters have entailed, has kept me exceedingly busy.

* * * * *

. . . no matter how hard it may have been for you, you must not forget that you would have had to suffer these things sooner or later, and that it is a great advantage to have done with them and to get them out of the way. I also think that a severe attack shows that we are alive inside, that our souls are close to the surface and can make these great efforts to purge the lower self.

But it *is* hard, there is no mistaking that. You can have the comfort, if it is a comfort, of knowing that no one follows the path without similar suffering, or, as *Light on the Path* puts it, "without bitter complaint", and that you have not only plenty of companions in misery, but that the "brothers who have passed on" stand ready and willing and anxious to take you by the hand and comfort you as soon as you yourself make it possible for them to do so. They are much more anxious that we should reach the light than we are to reach it. They are ever ready to extend the utmost of divine sympathy did we but let them do it. But we close our minds to them, and they are helpless.

The only advice I can give you is to persevere without discouragement. Read the devotional books morning and evening . . . keep the idea of what you are trying to do continually in the background of your mind, just as a mother never forgets her baby, even while she is fully occupied with her household duties. She keeps a portion of her mind always on the child, she knows when it is time to feed it, she hears instantly, even when asleep, if it makes any unusual noise, or does something unexpected. This is the best natural analogy I know for continual meditation, and it is entirely possible. It is also an enormous help and a constant source of renewed strength and spiritual energy.

I hope you will write to me soon again. I am always at your service.

Fraternally,

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

October 3rd, 1909.

DEAR ———

I was very much pleased to find your letter of August 24th on my recent return from Europe. This is the first moment I have had in which to answer it.

With reference to your question as to whether or not it is better to depend entirely upon oneself rather than to seek advice and help from another, there

is much to be said. Theoretically there is no doubt that if a person were strong enough to force his way into heaven without any help from anyone else, it would be best for him. But who is so strong? I know no such person. On the contrary, what my experience has been is that we are not strong enough to do it with all the help which all the good powers in the universe can give us. This is obvious, for otherwise we should be adepts already.

There are certain things we can and must do for ourselves, but there are also certain ways in which we can and should be willing to receive help. Take a physical analogy. We must do our own eating. No one, no matter how they love us and desire to help us, can eat for us. But, and it is an important but, others who have tried and know, can warn us against certain kinds of food; they can advise a light diet, and if they are masters of the subject, like doctors, they can prescribe a diet which is especially suited to our needs. That is exactly our situation where we are taught the science of life. We have available the results of countless ages of scientific living, and we should be simply foolish if we were to ignore this, to refuse the help that can be given us and which is actually offered to us, and decide that we must learn it all ourselves and depend upon ourselves. We *must* do the actual living, but we were foolish to refuse advice as to the best way to live.

It seems to me that that answers your query, does it not?

I am glad that you have found the well-spring of peace and joy which lies ever ready to be tapped by the disciple. There is no happiness to be compared with that which comes from work for others well and faithfully done. It takes us out of ourselves, and the moment we forget self we are happy. It follows too, that discouragement can no longer affect us. Discouragement is a cloud arising from doubt, which hangs over the lower self. If we cease to think about the lower self, naturally we cease to know or care anything about the clouds which may hover over it. But that is a long way off for all of us. All we can hope to do is to find our true self at times, and to get sufficient strength from that association to carry us through the next period when we sink back into the lower, and suffer from all the entanglements which that association brings.

I shall be very glad to hear from you.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom, Jr.

April 5th, 1914.

Dear ———

I am not a teacher, as you call me in your letter, which I was most glad to receive. I am . . . an older student, who has been many years in the Movement and who, therefore, knows from experience some of the barriers, pitfalls, and obstacles which you are likely to meet.

We have to make our own way in occultism, just as we do in worldly matters. No one can eat for us. They can give us food in abundance, but we must do our own eating and digesting. So it is with knowledge. It is spread before us,

a bounteous repast, and we take and use what we can. Often we do not know enough to recognize it as knowledge and we pass it by. So my function is to suggest, to encourage, to stimulate, to readjust. Life teaches, and is the only real teacher. . . .

You will have to grow into a knowledge of meditation, for it is a very difficult step. Do you pray? Prayer is the first step of meditation, its mental form, and we must all pass through it before we can hope to control the mind completely, and so permit the highest form to become active. That will take a long time.

You will find that your mind has a tendency to talk to you or to itself during your periods of meditation. The thing to do is to turn it to your Master and to let it talk to him. That *is* prayer.

We can only help others to the extent to which we have become something ourselves. Previous to that we do more harm than good, and it is only the excellence of our motive which enables the Spiritual Powers to save the situation.

With kind regards, I am
Sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 12th, 1914.

DEAR ———

It is a long time since I wrote to you and since I received your last reply, but there did not seem to be any obvious need for further communication; as the Quakers say, "the Spirit did not move me" to write.

Please remember that occultism is merely the science of life — the art of living, — secret only because people do not wish to learn. Nature holds no secrets from the disciple, but she rigorously guards her treasures from the amateur, the *dilettante.* What we . . . have to do is not to learn some secret wisdom, but to learn how to live, — to live so well that we become centres of light and inspiration to all with whom we come in contact.

Prayer, one aspect of prayer, is "talking with the Master" . . . Talk to him as you would to a very intimate friend; tell him all your *hopes;* all your desires; all your faults and weaknesses; all your sins. Do not be afraid. He knows them already but can do little about them until you speak of them. Do not keep anything back. Do not have any reserved place. Do not be ashamed of your real desires. Out with them whether you think them worthy or not. If not, he will help you replace them with worthy ones.

Prayer is one of the most valuable weapons in the arsenal of the disciple, and is not used nearly enough. We should pray about everything, i.e., talk to the Master about everything that concerns us. There is nothing too trivial, too unimportant for him to be interested in.

With kind regards,
I am sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 12th, 1914.

DEAR ———

It is a good while — I hope you feel it to be so — since I wrote to you and received your reply. Much has happened in the world since then. Much has happened to me. I hope much has also happened to you.

We grow through experience — practically in no other way. Only the rare individual can profit by another's painfully acquired knowledge. Even book knowledge we must acquire for ourselves, and we never really know anything well until we have worked it out for ourselves. When it comes to Life, to living, it is even more true. I could tell you, for instance, that I doubt if you can keep well and do your work in the world, and not eat meat. But so long as you think you can, there is little use in my speaking.

Furthermore, it is a law of life that we rarely really learn a lesson well that does not cost us something. Again it is only the rare individual who can learn through pleasure, through happiness. Most of us only learn through pain. Therefore the disciple's path is usually a painful path: but he learns the value and purpose of pain, the mystery of pain, so he ceases to "kick against the pricks".

You say you need to develop your intuition. Well, the intuition is only your own soul speaking to your brain consciousness. It is speaking incessantly, but you only listen, and are only capable of hearing occasionally and at your highest moments. It is perfectly in your power to listen more often, and to have your "higher moments" more and more frequently — indeed until they become continuous, and your normal consciousness becomes the consciousness of your soul. That is chêlaship.

With kind regards,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 7th, 1915.

DEAR ———

* * * * *

I want to give you one caution, and that is about your desire to spread Theosophy. It is a proper desire. At the same time you must realize that we can only teach what *we are:* real power comes from *living* and *being*, not from writing, or lecturing, or talking. Your rightful desire to work for others can be fulfilled best, and practically only, by being yourself a living example of the teachings you wish to spread.

Too much talk about a subject can repel instead of attract. Names and phrases are barriers to many; but a shining example cannot fail to influence and teach.

With my best wishes for your continued welfare,

I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

LONDON,
January 12th, 1911.

DEAR ———

Mr. Hargrove and I have been in London for nearly three weeks. We came most unexpectedly, leaving New York on less than a day's notice. We expected to be here four days, and it looks as if we might be here four weeks, four months, or four years. It is in the hands of the gods.

There was a lull in my business affairs to-day, and I was on the point of telegraphing you that we would come to ——— tomorrow for the purpose of meeting your members, but after we had looked up trains and composed a telegram to you, I received word that a business associate of mine who is coming here to see me, will arrive tomorrow, so that I cannot leave town at present. I hope that before I return to America I shall be able to visit ——— and see you all, but that also is in the hands of the gods.

I should like to have the opportunity of telling you something of our work in America and of the spirit which we feel underlies the times. The keynote of all we do now is discipleship. . . . It seems to be our special message. There are other Societies teaching Theosophy, or at least a kind of Theosophy, but we alone, so far as I know, make a specialty of the Inner Life, and make everything we say or write turn on that. Karma, Reincarnation, the Seven Principles in man, all these specially Theosophical subjects are, after all, only interesting and useful as they teach us the rationale of spiritual development. As we have been told so often, what the Masters need, and the real purpose of all this Movement, is to get disciples. Let us then insist upon this in all we say or do. It is what I should speak to your members upon if I should have the pleasure of meeting them.

Please give my kindest regards to ——— and ——— and the other members. I suppose that a day's notice would be sufficient to get your members together if we should find it possible to make you a flying visit.

Yours very sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

LONDON,
February 22nd, 1911.

DEAR ———

Dr. Keightley has handed me your letter of the 20th together with the reply to our letter. I call it our letter, but, as a matter of fact, it was written by Mr. Hargrove. I am glad you appreciated it for it is an admirable letter.

We have taken due note of your suggestion about putting it in the QUARTERLY and I think we can arrange to do so, and in the April number. We have sent a copy to America for this purpose.

I have read your personal letter with interest. More and more as I grow older, I believe that we effect little by what we say or do, but can effect an enormous amount by what we *are*. For one thing, the first are only passing effects: the second is permanent and adds to the capital of the race as a whole.

But further than this, the real influence we have upon others depends upon what we are and not upon what we do. A clever leading writer in one of the London dailies could write a much better sermon than the average priest, but it would have very little effect if it did not come from his heart.

Discipleship then, which is the expression of our personal efforts after holiness, is what will mark the work of the T. S., and its success will depend upon our success.

I am sorry that my engagements and duties here made a trip to ——— impracticable. I should have much liked to see and talk with you and ———. Please remember me to her, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

December 24th, 1911.

DEAR ———

Do you know that I have carried your letter of June 10th around wherever I have been, ever since I received it, — to Europe and back last summer — waiting for a chance to write you, and now I am going to combine my thanks for sending me a copy of your Lodge circular (it is a good idea) and the official thanks of your Convention for our cable from here (it was a joint affair), with my special Christmas greetings.

At the heart of things is the Master's Peace and Joy and Love, and my best wish for you is that during the coming year you will learn to live more and more in these.

Please give my kindest regards to ——— and the other members in your region.

As always,
C. A. GRISCOM.

August 11th, 1915.

DEAR ———

I was very glad indeed to get your letter of the 27th of June, and I am much obliged to you for the clipping about the Quiet Hour Movement, which was introduced from New Zealand to a church in Newcastle, from which it spread throughout England and finally to this country.

I have heard a good deal about this movement. A number of Episcopal clergymen are trying it over here, and being, as you know, a Quaker by birth, and also a reader of their periodicals, I have kept in touch with the movement through them.

I was much interested in your report, sent to the Convention, of your work in ———, and also in the details you give in your letters.

We had a very interesting and busy season, but the work is now pretty well closed down, as nearly everybody leaves New York during the summer months. We ourselves moved out thirty miles in the country, and I spend about three hours a day going backwards and forwards.

Of course the War continues to be the all-absorbing topic of conversation and of thought. We are not at all content over here, on the whole, with the way England is behaving, nor with the way this country is behaving. The great majority of real Americans — and by that I mean people whose ancestors have been in this country for, say, at least a hundred years — are not only heartily in favour of the Allies, but they are also very much ashamed that this country has not taken a much more aggressive stand than it has in the War and that it has not definitely declared itself on the side of the Allies, and pitched in to render what assistance it could. I think the War is going to be a long one, and, of course, it is still possible that we may take our place alongside of the other powers who are fighting for what is best and highest in our modern life.

With kind regards to ——— and the other members at ——— I am, with best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,
C. A. Griscom.

May 8th, 1916.

Dear ———

* * * * *

The War — It is still, and ought to be, the outer pivot around which life revolves. I have no use for anyone who is not deeply absorbed by it and its interests and problems.

The attitude of our Country towards it makes us all sick.

The attitude of England leaves much to be desired.

Only France is almost wholly satisfactory. She is wonderful. The more one hears and knows about her and the French people the more one admires, almost to the point of reverence. She is redeeming the world, and we owe her an increasing debt of gratitude. I do not mean materially by her military resistance, but spiritually by the attitude of her people.

I am glad to hear of your new members and good meetings. I am always glad to hear from you.

As always,
C. A. Griscom.

From Vita Nuova to Paradiso, by Philip H. Wicksteed; Longmans, Green and Company.

This profound and penetrating study of Dante will appeal to two classes of students: first, those who are primarily interested in the spiritual meaning of the great trilogy, the *Divina Commedia*, as a revelation of life; and, second, those who wish to study the complete development of the mind of Dante, throughout his entire life, as illustrated by all that he has written.

The author's view of the trilogy he himself sums up thus:

"In the heaven of the *primum mobile* Dante sees a single point of intensest light, and since its spaceless glory represents God himself, Beatrice tells him that 'from that point all Heaven and Nature hang.' It is the purpose of this essay to show how the Comedy itself, in its animating spirit and its intimate structure, 'depends from that point.' "

The deeply intuitive spirit in which he approaches the mystery of the Beatific Vision may be illustrated by this passage:

"But how if . . . we really had the power, about which we so often speculate, of direct vision of another's thoughts and emotions and the whole sum of the processes in his consciousness! How if we could really 'see' another soul in all its vital movements and experiences! Now, this is exactly the power which, according to the mediaeval belief, the disembodied souls of the blessed will actually acquire (and retain when reunited to the glorified body of the resurrection) and which the angels enjoyed, by their very nature, from the first. Each such soul or angelic spirit can, up to the measure of its primal and inherent endowment, read the consciousness of every other as directly as it can read its own" (page 16). And the conclusion of this process: "By assimilation to the divine being and participation therein the blessed spirit sees God as he sees himself, and sees all things and all beings as God sees them: in their perfect and untarnished truth and beauty. There is no room here for accepting or rejecting. Seeing God, the spirit sees all things under God's own values, and is caught into the glory of his ineffable love and bliss. Standing thus at the fontal source of all being, the blessed spirit sees the material as well as the spiritual side of creation in its intrinsic nature, even as the Creator sees it. Time, space, and causation are no longer conditions that bind the thought and experience upon which they are imposed, but acts of the Creative Mind itself, above which that mind, with all that it has called into fellowship with itself, stands supreme. God and his elect see the universe not in fragments but as a whole, not as a stream of effects which they must stem in order to reach up towards the first cause, but as an utterance flowing, as by force of its intrinsic and divine fitness and glory, from the central Consciousness itself within which they stand and by which they are compassed" (page 25).

Passages like these give us the assurance that we have here a guide very exceptionally equipped to lead us to the deeper meaning of Dante.

J.

The Story of a Varied Life — An Autobiography, by W. S. Rainsford; New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1922.

This is the story of a personality, vital, magnetic, strong of purpose and of will — the sort of personality before the impact of which the ordinary difficulties of life seem to melt, to say nothing of many of the extraordinary ones. Wherever we find the super-energized type of human being — whether on the battle-field, in politics, in high finance, or occasionally in the Church,

— we find their fellows making way for them, fulfilling their desires for them, backing them with their good will, their yielding, their allegiance. In the case of Dr. Rainsford this attraction to himself of men who believed in him, and even of men who toiled for him without quite believing in him — or rather in his methods — resulted for the most part in good for the Parish of which he was so prominently the moving spirit. Taking up his life from the moment when he accepted a call to St. George's, we find him leading, with a fine courage, what at first looked a good deal like a forlorn hope. To-day we have grown accustomed to the idea of the Church as a centre of community life, — indeed, we are sometimes in danger of finding the spiritual life of the church swamped in its competing social activities. Forty years ago the theory had its pioneers and they had not always easy going. There were all too many churches perishing slowly of inanition, and of these St. George's was a conspicuous example. A rich man or two languidly kept it on its feet, but its vast dark spaces bore no relation, and offered no refuge, to the teeming masses of its neighbourhood. Dr. Rainsford, with true pioneer spirit, recognized its availability as a centre and, undeterred by opposition, he turned it into one. His ideas of how this should be done are to a great extent commonplaces of church policy to-day, but when he set to work he found it necessary to fight hard for his choirs drawn from the young people of the neighbourhood, for his free seats, and for his many methods by which the young and careless, and the old and tired, could be attracted to a church.

It is strange to read of Dr. Rainsford's gradual disenchantment and weaning from many of the dogmas of his church, — strange, we mean, to a student of Theosophy. He seems — like so many honest men in just his predicament — to come blankly face to face with Theosophy and not to recognize it. As he staggers back from outworn formulae and half-understood creeds, he staggers almost into the arms of the Divine Wisdom — almost but not quite — and to miss is to miss equilibrium, for there is no good stopping place for those who begin to ask real questions, short of finding real answers.

For the rest this book is delightfully written, a treasure trove of interest and charm, the story of a life as full as it was varied, lived by a nature delivered by its essence to eternal youth. "Delivered to eternal youth" — do we find perhaps just here the secret of both charm and limitations — limitations so beguilingly confessed? Certain paragraphs are significant: "I found I could do something with the clerical mind when it was in its very youthful and formative stage, but I never did, and never could, by argument, win or influence it to any observable degree once it was mature." Yes — the book is young with an eternal youth, and charming with an unquenchable vitality, and brave with a fighter's courage.

L. S.

Direction de Conscience; Psychothérapie des Troubles Nerveux. Paris: Pierre Téqui, 1922.

In this book the Abbé Arnaud d'Agnel and Dr. d'Espinez of Lyon present a comparative study of the methods employed by the spiritual director in his work of leading souls to God, and those of the progressive physician in his re-education of neurotics with weakened wills and misdirected energies. The psychotherapeutic methods discussed are those of M. Vittoz, a neurologist of Lausanne, whose work is welcomed by many of his colleagues as happily supplanting the crude and unpleasant, if not unmoral, theories and practices of the Freudian school of psychoanalysts.

The treatise deals with the treatment of the sick on two planes of consciousness — the higher and the lower manasic — the object being to demonstrate that the curative methods employed on one plane are equally applicable on the other; that the sick soul can be guided back to unity with its divine self by the same means, *mutatis mutandis*, as those used to restore to the sick mind its proper balance. There is really nothing new in this, for the practice of medicine was originally a function of the priesthood, and psychotherapeutic methods were those mainly employed in restoring to health the sick in mind or body who sought the temple ministrations. Later, the art of healing bodily ills was gradually divorced from the cure of souls, and in losing his spiritual functions the physician inevitably sank to the material plane, and drugs were given for physical ills, or what seemed to be such. But the physicians of souls retained psychotherapy and, as the Abbé d'Agnel shows by a multitude of quotations from St. Francis de

Sales, St. Ignatius of Loyola, Fénelon, and many other "directeurs de conscience," this has been in common use in the Christian Church down through the ages. Within a comparatively recent time the practice has been resumed by the medical profession, which seems to regard it as a special discovery of its own.

Psychoanalysis as a means of bringing to light the hidden cause of disease, psychic or spiritual, is likewise no novelty, having been employed for centuries by spiritual directors. That the method has been perverted by a certain school of neurologists or psychologists affords of course no argument against its right application. St. Teresa used a form of it in the management of her melancholy nuns, and directors of conscience and right-minded physicians use it effectively to-day. And its corollary, the teaching of concentration and the training of the will by the methods discussed in this book or by similar ones, is employed by many physicians who justly estimate its value in the treatment of nervous and mental ills — sins or their consequences on the astral plane. The correspondence between morbid states of the mind and those of the soul is strikingly brought out in this well-conceived work. The student of Theosophy will find here much that is interesting and suggestive. Having learned to know himself in some small degree by a form of auto-psychoanalysis, he may be able to progress a little farther along the Path by practising some of the measures here outlined.

S.

An edition of *Light on the Path*, published at Adyar in 1911, with an Introduction by C. W. Leadbeater, has just been brought to our attention. If the Introduction be sincere, and not deliberately pretentious, it is quite a remarkable exhibition of psychic self-deception. Statements are made with great positiveness, and with all the air of first-hand knowledge, which have not the slightest foundation in fact; — this kind of thing (N. B. *we are not quoting Mr. Leadbeater;* we are inventing it ourselves as we go along): "The first volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, as we have it at present, was dictated to Madame Blavatsky by the Senior Warden of the Mexican Lodge of Masters, whose literary style is well known to all Initiates and is in marked contrast to that of the Master Kum-Luk, the pupil of Ashvaghosha, who dictated the second volume with His third Chakra while, with His fifth, He was directing the campaign of the Abyssinians against the Italians, which resulted in the defeat of the latter at the famous battle of Massowah [see any Handbook of Universal History for this 'evidence']. The slightly Latin turn which the Master Kum-Luk gives to his sentences, which is conspicuous in the second volume of Madame Blavatsky's serviceable little treatise, is due — as all Occultists of high degree are aware — to the Great Tibetan's long incarnation as Nostradamus. The reason the third chapter of the second volume is free from this peculiarity is that my own pupil, Helicon, not then in incarnation (he was resting after his labours as the Comte de St. Germain), volunteered to correct whichever one of the chapters the Master Kum-Luk would prefer to submit to him. Highly appreciative of this compliment, the Master selected the third chapter, because the astral cypher in which he had drafted it was more distinct, and would be less trying to my pupil's eyes, than the more abbreviated cypher of other chapters. . . . To know such facts as these, they must be *lived.*"

C'est pour rire! Yet, for the benefit of some, we repeat: the foregoing is not a quotation from Mr. Leadbeater, though those who are acquainted with his writings might imagine that it is. We have been improvising in the style of Mr. Leadbeater, so as to indicate the manner of his Introduction to *Light on the Path.*

We are sorry for the people who swallow such stuff and who seem to like it. The tragedy is that, echoing Mr. Leadbeater, they call it Theosophy.

E. T. H.

Quand Israël est Roi, by Jérome and Jean Tharaud; Paris: Librairie Plon, 1921.

If Bolshevism still retains some glamour for anyone who sincerely desires to cure himself, he should read this excellent book, which describes Bela Kun's reign of terror in Budapest (March–July, 1919). In accordance with the doctrine of correspondences, it must give one a fair idea of the manners and customs of devils in Hell.

As the title indicates, the authors are especially concerned with the relation of the Jews to the Revolution. Bela Kun was a Jew and so were most of his fellow-fiends. Indeed, Jews are so prominent generally in communist agitation everywhere that there is serious danger of an Anti-Semitic reaction which will know neither restraint nor reason.

The fact is, of course, as the authors indicate, that there must be a "pair of opposites," a positive and a negative, to make a revolution. In Hungary, for example, the Jews were the positive element and the Magyars were the negative. The Jews were active, intelligent, greedy and cunning, whereas the Magyars were indolent, stupid, extravagant and sentimental. The time came when these opposing qualities could no longer be held in suspension, and then, just as in chemical phenomena, an explosion occurred. Both Jews and Magyars were therefore responsible, if not equally responsible for what happened.

Of course, the whole Jewish race is not to be blamed for the crimes committed by a few Jews in Moscow and Budapest. MM. Tharaud do not raise any such question. But there remains the fact that the worst malcontents in the world are very apt to be Jews. In other words, it seems to be easier for a Jew to become a Bolshevik than for anyone else. The authors describe the feverish intellectual activity, the perverted enthusiasms, the sensuality and the malicious hatreds of certain groups of young Jews in Budapest. Certainly all Jews do not suffer from these moral diseases in the same degree, but one wonders whether this unhappy race is not suffering to-day the consequences of an age-long and most obstinate materialism. With what desperate courage they have clung to the tangible goods of this world! Small wonder that among the more unbalanced of them, desire for riches should be converted into an all-consuming envy of those who possess them.

Envy needs some excuse for itself before it becomes manifest in action. In the case of the Jewish Socialists, there is some reason for believing that a perverted version of the ancient tradition of the Messianic Kingdom provides them with the necessary illusion to veil their darker purposes. "In their ghettos filled with the dust of old dreams, the uncouth Jews of Galicia still watch on moonlight nights for some sign in the sky announcing the advent of the Messiah. Trotzky, Bela Kun and the others have not forgotten the fabulous dream. Only, tired of seeking in the heavens this Kingdom of Heaven which has never come, they themselves have made it descend to Earth. Experience has shown that their ancient prophets were better inspired, when they placed the Kingdom in the clouds."

S. L.

The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals, by William T. Hornaday, Sc.D., A.M.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.

Whatever Dr. Hornaday does, he does with the force of deep conviction, and however many years of useful labour may already have been credited to his account, they have but deepened the enthusiasms that marked his youth. The director of the New York Zoölogical Park for the last twenty-six years, he has been studying wild animal life for more than half a century and has collected from all over the world. In this book he gives us the fruit of his long experience. He is not writing for scientists, nor recording the statistical results of systematic tests. He addresses the ordinary layman, believing that, "as the alleged lord of creation, it is man's duty to know the wild animals truly as they are, in order to enjoy them to the utmost, to utilize them sensibly and fairly, and to give them a square deal." He mingles his philosophy with his observations, and sets forth both in bold and vigorous words, illustrating them with a wealth of illuminating incidents from his personal experience that are sometimes amusing, and sometimes exciting, but always interesting and enlightening. Some one once said that the more he saw of men the better he liked dogs. Dr. Hornaday has reached the same general conclusions by a different route.

We commend the book to the readers of the QUARTERLY. It substantiates a thesis often advanced in theosophical literature, that there is more of manas in animals and less in man than human conceit is generally willing to suppose.

V.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 273. — *Can something be said about Karma from the point of view of happiness and joy? When Karma is discussed it is usually coupled with the idea of pain. If pain be regarded as a corrective, what, similarly speaking, would be the purpose of great happiness?*

ANSWER. — The mother who found that her child rushed to her when in pain, but did not rush to her with its joys, would know that a barrier of some sort prevented the ideal union. May not the purpose of great happiness be an exercise in union?

T. M.

ANSWER. — Karma has been called "the Divine bookkeeping." The business man who studies only his assets, and ignores his liabilities, ends in bankruptcy, at the least, and often in jail. Does this not suggest why it is wise to devote attention to the liability side of Karma? Pain may be a form of meeting obligations — changing liabilities into assets.

G. W.

ANSWER. — In the *Secret Doctrine*, Edition 1888, Vol. I, pp. 634 et seq., Mme. Blavatsky has presented a view which deals largely with this. The literal translation of Karma is action — the action of Universal Law. Man has the power of free will to conform himself and his actions to Universal Law. When he does, he experiences happiness and joy. When he does not, he is confronted with forces which are stronger than he, as the whole is greater than the part. The result is pain; and that pain is the means to remind man and make him see that his true happiness does not come from personal pleasure, but consists in fulfilling the laws of the Soul with, as *Light on the Path* puts it, "a great and ever increasing delight." Pain then becomes a friend, and leads to joy and happiness. And this is accomplished by the education of the will — when we learn so to guide and govern ourselves that we fulfil the laws of our real being, in place of the mistaken ones of our selfish, personal, temporary desires.

A. K.

ANSWER. — Karma is the law of action, of life. From one point of view, the purpose of life is to train us in the use of our divine gift, free will. Every decision we make, every act we perform, every thought we admit, is a seed we plant. It has its life cycle, grows, comes to fruition, and we ourselves harvest it in joy or sorrow. This is Karma. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." One purpose of happiness may be to teach us what seeds to plant and what to avoid.

J. F.

ANSWER. — I should regard happiness as a corrective equally with pain. They are the two poles of the strata of emotional experience, and we are only able to recognize one by contrast with the other. Because one is an agreeable emotion and makes us feel comfortable, we, lovers of comfort, have agreed that it is a much higher and more "spiritual" condition than that of suffering. This is altogether natural, but it is not Theosophy, nor even theosophical. No emotion is spiritual. Neither happiness nor pain, therefore, can be spiritual in and of itself. By means of their interaction, and our sustained effort at preserving equal-mindedness and one-pointedness in their midst, we shall, under the operation of the Good Law which designed them

for that end, acquire the poise and self-mastery which permits, first the vision, then the consciousness of the Peace which passeth understanding, — that peace which can only be given by the Master "to the beloved disciples who are as himself," because they also have risen above the domination of the things of sense and time. Call it happiness if you will, but then invent another word for your happy feelings. These last we should perceive in all their loveliness, like the lights and colours of a summer day, but equally disassociated from them; — attentive to them; learning their beautiful lessons; content that they should come, content that they should go; forever seeing beyond them to the purposes of life and the unfolding of the soul. Carlyle, feeling for the truth, has told us that a man can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness, — which the penetrating student of Theosophy would modify by one word — a *must* in place of a *can*.

When a man enters into that blessedness which spiritual consciousness brings, he finds himself above the noise and jar of the swinging pendulum whose one beat brings him suffering, the next beat joy. Karma no longer buffets him back and forth. He stands midway, holding, himself, the balance of his life; and, firmly placed, can reach strong hands of wise compassion to those who rise and fall with the tide of emotional existence. Perhaps for those who are "happy," his compassion goes the deepest.

"There is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him."

CAVÉ.

QUESTION NO. 274. — *Has love the power to confer immortality? Can anything that is loved die? I do not mean will it continue to exist as a subjective idea, but will its existence as a conscious entity be continued by the power of the love given it?*

ANSWER. — Ought not the question to be differently phrased? Love is an attribute of the soul and has an immortality with the soul. That which is of the soul is loved and does not die any more than the soul dies. The soul inspires love and draws forth a response to its own gift — the gift of itself. And the thoughts inspired by love become the conscious entities who surround such great souls as the Masters, and these entities do the work of their parents, the Masters.

A. K.

ANSWER. — Love can bear vicariously the Karma of another. It can procure for the person loved opportunities of retrieving himself, but it cannot confer on him immortality without some exertion on his part. Not even the love of the Masters can save a soul that is determined to be damned.

St. C. B.

ANSWER. — What sort of love? There are so many meanings to this elastic word. We all count ourselves as lovers in one relation or another, and yet as we watch human love we must see, if we are honest, that it not only does not work for immortality — it ignores it. Mortality cannot confer immortality — and "confer" is perhaps not the right word here. Love is the power that moves the spiritual world, and lifted to that plane its power must be almost limitless

— almost, not quite, for always the will of the beloved is free. God Himself so loved the world that He sent his Son, not to *confer* but to offer us immortality. If love below would aim to be as love above, would recognise that sacrifice is of its essence, would be strong to suffer or to make suffer, would be patient, not for a lifetime, but for many lifetimes, it could surely work miracles of redemption.

L. S.

QUESTION NO. 275. — *What, if anything, are we accomplishing when we force ourselves to pray for something (a grace, an experience, suffering, a humiliation, or a deprivation) that we really do not want? We may believe that a disciple ought to want it, but we know that we do not.*

ANSWER. — This is surely lip-service and we accomplish little, if anything. If we do not want anything from our hearts, how shall we obtain it by prayer? But the essence lies in this — does the suppliant who believes that a disciple ought to want such "something," want to be a disciple? If so, he may be passing through a stage of "dryness" and he is right to continue to try for whatever it is, even though his personal self does not want it and cries out against it. Does not a part, the best part, of him really want it? Should not he pray to want it with his whole heart?

A. K.

ANSWER. — If we believe that a disciple ought to want a given thing (and we know that *we* do not), we should pray for the desire to want it with the splendid honesty of: "I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

T. M.

ANSWER. — We may be bringing a reluctant lower nature into line with the desires of our Higher Self, our true desires, or we may be making a mistake. Is it part of our ideal to want that particular thing? If so, it is a desire of our real self, whatever our minds may say about it. Often, however, we may be mistaking a symptom for the reality back of it. Take suffering, for instance. There is no merit in suffering in itself, and no sense in praying for it just because we have heard that the saints wanted it. We may need it to soften our lower natures. The saints loved so intensely, they longed for suffering as a means of expressing that love. We all want to love intensely. We all want our lower natures softened whether it involves suffering or not. The same principle applies to humiliations. Above all else we should be honest in prayer. Pray for what you want, and that your desires may be purified. You do not really want anything that is not the Master's will, whatever you may think you want. Tell Him so. "Lord, I know not what I ought to ask of Thee. I dare not ask either for crosses or consolations. . . . Behold my needs which I know not myself. Smite or heal. Depress me or raise me up. See and do according to Thy tender mercy. . . ." (Fénelon.)

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER. — To the Masters all hearts are open and all desires known, therefore we have no alternative but honesty. We waste our time trying to run before we can walk, or demanding to be rushed into battle before we have drilled. Great saints and chêlas have carried great crosses, not stoically but joyfully because they have, by long submission to the Master's choice for them, developed a strength which He can use — the strength of love. Let us rather pray, not for this and that which we think we *ought* to want, but for Love.

L. S.

NOTICE

The only meetings of The Theosophical Society held in New York, N. Y., are those at 64 Washington Mews, between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North, on alternate Saturday evenings at half past eight. There will be meetings on January 6th and 20th; February 3rd and 17th; March 3rd, 17th, and 31st, 1923.

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Blavatsky, H. P.	FIVE YEARS OF THEOSOPHY	cloth,	$2.50
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THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York

DEVOTIONAL: Bhagavad Gita; Fragments; From the Upanishads; Letters That Have Helped Me; Light on the Path; The Parables of the Kingdom; The Song of Life; Through the Gates of Gold; Voice of the Silence.

PHILOSOPHICAL: Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine; Five Years of Theosophy; Key to Theosophy; Reincarnation; The Secret Doctrine; Talks on Religion; Theosophical Glossary; Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.

INTRODUCTORY: Culture of Concentration; Esoteric Buddhism; Idyll of the White Lotus; Meditation; The Occult World; The Ocean of Theosophy; The Theosophical Society and Theosophy.

The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.